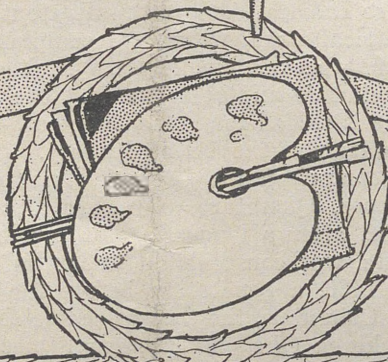
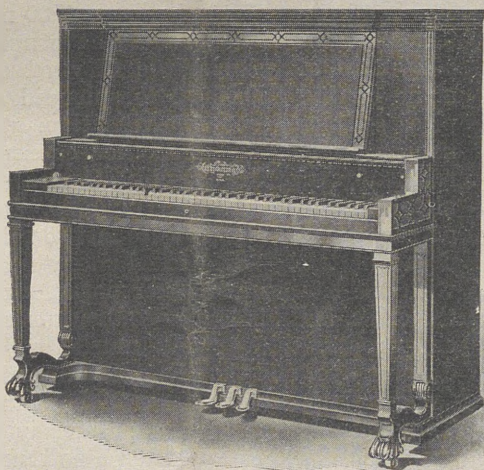


Graphic



VOL. XXVIII Los Angeles, Cal., Mar. 14, 1908. No. 15



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PRICE 10 CENTS

My Impressions of Modern Mexico.—I

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

The longer the tourist tarries in Mexico, and the more thoroughly he wanders through its mosaic domain, the more charmed he becomes with its superior climate, its prodigal winter sunbeams and intermittent summer rains; its marvels of nature's diverse treasures, its lofty mountains and deep barrancas, its ancient cities and ruins nestling among extensive mesas and lava beds; and its unrivaled scenery and excellent system of railway comforts and other advantages of rapid transit. It was Humboldt who called Mexico the "Great Bridge of the Seas"—he might have called it the great silver bridge, for from one end of the republic to the other, from the Gulf to the Pacific, its plateaus and mountains are ribbed and bespangled with silver, and streaked with copper and gold.

Mexico is laved by two great bodies of water, and it contains 1,224,996 square miles of territory, and nearly one-sixth as much population as the United States, which latter country has five times more square miles of territory. It abounds in precious metals, and excels all other countries in its treasures of silver. It has given to the world thousands of millions of ounces of the white metal, and untold thousands of millions yet remain. It also contains many deposits of other metals, and of precious stones, prodigious areas of superior timber and other luxuriant vegetation, and produces all the tropical and subtropical fruits, and nearly all the vegetables known. Mexico has also many marine interests, and scores of cotton, woolen, silk, paper, glass, earthenware and other factories; and it raises all its own tobacco, corn, coffee, sugar, wheat and rice, and exports many of these commodities to near-by countries. And although its governmental career has been stormy almost all the time, from the pearly morning Cortez looked down from the silver-lined Cordilleras upon the peaceful valleys of the Montezumas to the leaden day of the execution of Maximilian at Queretaro, forty years ago, it is now a nation of undisturbed peace, honor and renown; and there flourish excellent military and naval academies, civic colleges of law and jurisprudence, conservatories of music and of arts, schools of medicine and pharmacy, educational institutions for the deaf and dumb and blind, and asylums for the poor and demented, and otherwise infirm. There are nearly 75,000 haciendas or landed estates, and hundreds of mines, operated with the completest of modern machinery, and there are 186 cities, 386 towns, and 4586 villages, all of which are properly governed, and a third of which have acceptable systems of sewerage, lighting and police. There is a capable army; a wise, noble, patriotic and trusted ruler; and it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that the Republic of Mexico is today one of the most prosperous, peaceful and best-governed nations in the world. The Mexican Central, Inter-oceanic and National lines of railway, in particular, have contributed much toward the present degree of prosperity, and enhancement of all values; and in all ways these splendid thoroughfares seemed to me to be as well operated, as true to their schedules and otherwise as satisfactory as our own.

According to Humboldt (one of the master

minds of modern times), who passed an extended period in Mexico, studying its antiquities, its flora and fauna, etc., the first race that inhabited that country—the Toltec—was of Asiatic origin, and emigrated by way of Bering Strait, about A.D. 700. And while this is conjecture, there is much that is plausible about the reasoning of the illustrious savant. This Toltec dynasty, according to Humboldt, lasted 500 years before the advent of Columbus. The Toltecs left Mexico—in one great bunch, it is believed—and founded a new home in the mountain recesses of Central America, but they were quickly succeeded by another race—the Aztecs—who took up the beautiful territory the Toltecs had left behind. These Aztecs were Indians, somewhat tall, stout and symmetrical form, with good complexions, narrow foreheads, black eyes, white teeth, coarse black hair and thin beards. The Aztec empire is traced for about 300 years—from the cessation of the Toltec dynasty. It originally comprised the Central States of Mexico proper, Queretaro and Vera Cruz, and in 1352, after a long series of revolutions and wars, was consolidated under its first king. In 1436, a generation before the discovery by Columbus, the first of the celebrated line of kings (the Montezumas) ascended the Aztec throne. Two reigns followed, when Montezuma II came into power. Under this potentate the Aztec empire assumed a grandeur and height of civilization scarcely ever attained by any other nation in so short time. The empire was extended over 4500 miles of territory, and is believed to have numbered 30,000,000 of people, the City of Mexico alone having 350,000. So splendid an empire, so beneficent a civilization, with its hand raised against no other country, was ruthlessly overthrown by Cortez and his bloodthirsty myrmidons in 1520, and few personages of account were left to relate the dreadful tale. The cruel monster Cortez, with the banner and other paraphernalia of the cross, and his band of adventurers, were cut-throats, thieves and murderers of the deepest dye, and they left a trail of destruction, rapine and misery throughout the land. They seized temples and palaces in all the populous cities, and plundered and murdered and laid waste wherever they went. No age nor sex was spared, and the utmost horrors were visited upon millions of the subjects of Montezuma. The whole "conquest" was one of the most unspeakable outrages the world has ever known; and Cortez, although he established a "religion," which he claimed would improve Mexico and raise it to a higher plane of civilization, actually impoverished and degraded all the inhabitants that he did not kill or drive away, and sank the Aztec empire to the very lowest notch in the scale of nations, in which it remained for 300 years. * * *

So much has been written of the beauties and other attractions of the City of Mexico—at least in Magazines and books—that I consider it possibly invidious to obtrude my own impressions, except cursorily. Still, one never tires of beholding the nightly delineations of the constellations; the veteran warrior often repeats to delighted listeners the incidents of his prowess on sanguinary fields;

and that radiant and consummate artist, Paul de Longpre, has occasionally painted the lily. So I will hazard a description, and commence by stating that the City of Mexico lies in between 19 and 20 deg. north latitude, and is about 7500 feet above the level of the sea. The valley is nearly elliptic in form, ranging from 30 to 40 miles. It is surrounded by various spurs of the Cordilleras, rising from a few hundred to three or four thousand feet higher than the neighboring lava beds, with Popocatepetl (nearly 18,000 feet), and Ixtaceihuatl (nearly 15,000 feet), in the distant southeast, and Ajusco (a little over 12,000) in the south. Each of these monarchs crowned with eternal snows. The climate is equable and delightful the year round, the winter and spring months being much like the fairest days of Southern California, and the rainy season (from the first of June until the end of September) being still more ravishingly beautiful. There are fruits and vegetables, and flowers all the months, although the roses seemed to me to possess little or no fragrance. There are many parks, or plazas, the Alameda being one of the prettiest in the world. There is a splendid cathedral; its exterior reminding one of that at Seville, or at Burgos, Spain, although not so big nor so costly as either. There are scores of churches, all betraying similarity of architecture, and methods of construction, and besides these pretentious edifices there are chapels in hundreds of the old residences, and in a number of the inns transformed from suburban haciendas. The Castle of Chapultepec, some four or five miles from the Cathedral—which is considered the heart of the town—is the crown of the city, and stands on a rock two hundred odd feet in the air, and commands a magnificent view of the capital and of the adjacent country all around for many miles. Chapultepec is not only a castle, but it is a palace and a military school; for here is the residence of the President in the summer, and here also is the school from which hundreds of young men are graduated annually, equipped with a knowledge of the theories of war. There is no mightier inland castle in the world than Chapultepec, and thousands of old Mexicans still wonder how Scott's handful of Americans once brought the imposing fortification to grief.

The object that has amazed me more than any one other is the cleanliness of the streets; no other city in the world has cleaner ones, and few American cities display streets so uniformly tidy; and, by the way, these thoroughfares are all swept by hand, and the sweepings are brushed into ordinary dust-pans and put into bags, the contents of which are taken up into garbage carts not infrequently; and, further, these streets are nearly all sprinkled from big sprinkling pots by men, who get to work by seven each morning. The sidewalks are as clean as ballroom floors from sunrise to sunset—no cigar stubs, no spittle, no debris of any kind. In five weeks I did not see so much tobacco juice or other spittle on all the main sidewalks of the City of Mexico as I have seen in five minutes in a single block in many of our American cities. The parks and plazas,

(Continued on Page 4)

R. H. Hay Chapman
Editor

Graphic

Winfield Scott
Manager

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Matters of Moment

Banking Reforms.

The sessions of the special legislative committee on banking laws, held in San Francisco last week, and Los Angeles this week, promise more fruition than the cynical were inclined to believe when the committee was appointed at the extra session of the Legislature. At all events, the public is having the opportunity of learning some important facts concerning the regulation of banking in California.

The testimony of bankers themselves demonstrates that the State Bank Commission, as constituted in the past, is a monumental farce. It has been shown that the bank commissioners, even if they had the necessary experience and ability, have not the time to do the expert work required for the thorough examination of banks. I W. Hellman, Sr., declared that while it required about ten days to make a proper examination of a national bank, and almost a month for a similar investigation of a Federal Trust Company, the State Bank Commissioners were only able to give a day or two at the most, to examining a bank. Mr. Hellman recommended the appointment of an expert examiner to head the commission, at a salary of not less than \$10,000 a year, and thought that the remuneration of the district commissioners should be \$6000 a year. The most important consideration, however, is that the bank commission should be divorced from politics. But it is not easy to see how such a divorce can be accomplished until Governors of California recognize their heavy responsibility in the appointment of efficient persons for such work. Mr. Hellman suggested that the power of appointment should still rest with the Governor, but that a power of veto should be vested with the bankers, who assume the cost of maintaining the commission.

It appears that under the present law it is no crime to violate any of the provisions of the general banking law. The decision that the power of making laws rests only with a legislative body makes it no crime to violate the regulations of the bank commission. It is obvious that the banking laws

should be so amended as to carry penalties for their violation.

The question of separating savings and commercial banking has been much debated. The present laws undoubtedly give too wide a latitude to bank officials in this regard. Under the law a savings bank can incur no debt beyond that which it incurs to its depositors, and therefore should be absolutely proof against insolvency. But when savings banks are permitted, without restrictions, to make deposits of funds in commercial banks, without security, it is transparent that the safeguards are removed. Judge Sturtevant's recommendation that a separate license should be issued by the Bank Commission for each department of a bank seems sound. Such license could be posted in conspicuous places in banks, and thus depositors would be acquainted with the different departments of business in which their banks were engaged. While the law divides banking into savings and loan business, commercial business, trust business, safe deposit business and others, charters of banks frequently cover all varieties. Judge Sturtevant recommends that the law should invalidate all such charters, and that banks should be compelled to keep the accounts of each department separate. Such an act should be enforced by a heavy penal provision.

Extravagant Government.

Recent charges of extravagance in the government of Alameda county have been refuted by reference to the cost of maintaining the county governments of Alameda and Los Angeles. From statistics in the California Blue Book it has been discovered that the cost per capita for the payment of all salaries of the county government of Alameda is 85 17-100 cents against \$1.53 38-100 in Los Angeles county. The aggregate of salaries therefore in Los Angeles county is 80 per cent greater per capita than the aggregate of salaries in Alameda county. Alameda has one deputy for every 3373 of population; Los Angeles has one deputy for every 1541 of population. Such figures

should demand the attention not only of the supervisors, but of every taxpayer. But the greatest extravagance of which we remain guilty is the continued costly, cumbersome and inconvenient double system of city and county government. What has become of the city and county consolidation movement, agitated so earnestly two years ago? The Legislature meets in another nine months. It appears that it is high time to reopen the question and find a solution.

Thaw.

Decent people are being drenched once more with the nastiness originating in the Thaw case. According to "leased wire" and "direct wire" information—which as likely as not is worthless—Mrs. William Thaw, mother of the erratic Harry, has been gathering evidence against Evelyn Nesbit Thaw and the ex-chorus girl is either to be thrust from the Thaw family by force or else accept \$25,000 and get out. The "evidence" which Mrs. William Thaw has been collecting, so it is stated, is not as fragrant as the rose nor as spotless as the lily. At all events it looks as if we are to be treated to a Thaw muck-bath. Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw divested herself of every rag of personal honor when she went on the stand to save Harry Thaw's worthless life. She is certainly as worthy to be his wife as he is to be her husband, no matter what she may have been doing since he killed Stanford White. And after all is said and done, doesn't it occur to any disinterested reader that perhaps Richard Harding Davis was not so very far wrong when he wrote that Stanford White came nearer to being a gentleman and a man of honor than any of the other participants in the whole affair resembled either ladies or gentlemen. In the interest of decency let us all hope that the dailies will cease plastering their pages with refuse from the Thaw slush bucket. We all know what eventually will become of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw if she is divorced from Harry Thaw, but there is no reason or sense in dishing up the details now or at any other time.

My Impressions of Modern Mexico.—I

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

(Continued from page 2)

also, and all other breathing spots, are as free from scraps of paper and other undesirable litter as the carpets in a lady's boudoir; the walks in these parks are all swept before eight in the morning, and any litter that may have accumulated among the grasses and shrubs and trees between nightfall and sunrise has been gathered up and taken away before Aurora's gleams awaken the sleeping metropolis. There are hundreds of iron and stone benches on all sides of these parks, and along all the walks, and there are no persons so poor nor so miserably dressed but may occupy these seats the livelong day; there are no signs of any kind, not even to "keep off the grass," or "do not pick the flowers.

The healthfulness of the City of Mexico is pronounced, notwithstanding the canals and standing water that abounds, and a tendency to typhoid in the outlying districts. But there is little or no noticeable tuberculosis that originates in the city; while valetudinarians suffering only slightly from the latter dread disease partially or fully recover. I made many inquiries concerning mortality statistics, and concluded that the City of Mexico and its surroundings holds its own quite well with our own far-famed Southern California. Indeed, due exercise of care not to heedlessly dare the evening precipitations of the rainy season (which lasts from about the first of June to the last of September), nor too much of the heated weather (which lasts from 11 o'clock to 4 daily during the months of March, April and May) without big sombreros or parasols, is a sure safeguard against all the maladies engendered by disregard of the above cautions.

This charming City of Mexico is well supplied with good water, and is well-lighted, well-sewered, and well policed. Its policemen are as manly, as urbane, and undoubtedly quite as efficient as any in the world. They are neatly uniformed, and every man carries an unconcealed club and revolver. Policemen take their positions in the middle of the streets, at intersections, and carry lanterns at night, and are masters of all they survey; and all pedestrians, drivers of automobiles, carriages and carts respect or fear them. The captains and sergeants are mounted, and carry revolvers and sabers. It would seem to me that the force were on duty where continually needed.

The lighting of the streets is on modern European plans, and is more perfect than the American systems, and much less expensive. The parks and plazas and other public places are brilliantly and ornamentally lighted. Most of the streets are narrow (though some are twice the width of Broadway), but all are well paved, either with asphalt or stone; all the fashionable streets and other leading thoroughfares are so conscientiously well paved and dutifully repaired that I have never seen a rut or indentation of any kind. There are no streets in California (unless it be in Pasadena) that at all compare with many hundreds of miles of streets here; while the Paseo de la Reforma, which is the fashionable drive, is as beautiful and as enchanting as the Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris; and on Thursday and Sunday afternoons, in particular, may be seen as splendid equipages and as elegant and as fashionably attired occupants of carriages as on Bellevue avenue (Newport) or Hyde Park (London); this magnificent thoroughfare is ornamented with many heroic and other statues, and leads from the heart of the city to the Castle of Chapultepec, where there is a fine cafe and a band of thirty pieces daily, and from the top of which one may gaze upon the battlefields of Churubusco and Molino del Rey and on a long-drawn panorama beautiful beyond description.

What may be termed the higher or better classes live well in their own or in rented houses built severely of stone. The better class of natives dress and look well and the men are finer looking than the women. Very beautiful women are not so plentiful as one would wish, but there are often to be seen magnificent eyes and lashes, eyebrows and hair. There are colonies of Americans and French, but I cannot say that many of the ladies of these colonies excel their native sisters in perfection of face and form; the best place to see the wealth and beauty and refinement of the capital—and Mexico's fairest and best caparisoned daughters—is on San Francisco street, after sunset, where hundreds of gorgeous equipages slowly pass and repass for an hour or more, and where the height of elegance of dress and manners and prettiness of face and coiffure are obtained; it is a procession not just like any other in the world, and seems more like a parade of thoroughbreds such as I have

seen at state fairs—but I must confess that every evening after having gazed upon these pageants, I have said to myself: "My! There are some mighty pretty women here, after all."

The politeness of the higher class of natives, and especially of elderly men, is far more fetching than that practiced on the Paris Boulevards and quite as genuine and stately as may be observed in Madrid and Seville. Except in New Orleans, Nashville, Louisville and Baltimore, no American courtesy is at all alongside that everywhere perceptible in the City of Mexico. There is an apparent—if not always real—sincerity in the street salutations between Mexican men, who seldom pass each other without exchanging words of affection, while they frequently hug and not infrequently kiss each other. Even the poorer classes when encountering each other—women and men—"pass the time of day" in terms of endearment and mutually say: "Como estas mi alma?" ("How are you, my soul?")

I have never given much of my elastic time to ethnological nor anthropological research. But I know what combination produces the creole, the mulatto, the quadroon, and the mestizo. There are distinct marks of the white man and the negro in the mulatto, for instance, and in others where the breeds have been crossed; in the offspring of the white man and the Cherokee or Choctaw Indian, also. But so far as the masses of Mexican people are concerned, among them while there are indubitable traces of Spanish strains—and other Europeans—that it has taken nearly four hundred years to bring to a high degree, it must occur to any casual observer that, however intelligent they may have been, the Toltecs and the Aztecs were a lot of dark and inferior looking human beings, and presumably at an early day became mixed with other dark or yellow and inferior people from Louisiana, Texas, Central America and the West Indies, and as the soldiers under Cortez were not fair in skin, acceptableness of color and of features has been a long time coming. But I am of the impression, nevertheless, that if the handsome young blonde American men keep on marrying the better-looking of the native young women, the Mexican people will be the best looking on the globe after another century has passed.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

By the Way

Huntington.

Henry E. Huntington is expected in Los Angeles some time early in April, and, unless my information is much in error, his return will be signalized by the announcement of at least one big improvement. As every one knows, Mr. Huntington has held on to the block bounded by Main, Eleventh, Hill and Twelfth streets, the old Childs homestead, although he has refused many flattering offers for the property. Mr. Huntington's plans about this property have been the subject of much newspaper speculation,

but Mr. Huntington has never allowed an inkling of his intentions to escape. I am informed that the tenants of the Childs homestead have received notice to vacate, and that preparations have been made to clear the land. And now it is up to the dailies to guess what "H. E." intends to do with this splendid piece of land. Will he erect a big tourist hotel in the center of the block? Will he devote the land to street railroad uses? Whatever he does, will be known pretty soon; the notice to tenants is sufficient indication that "something is doing."

Los Angeles-Pacific.

Nor is this activity on the part of Mr. Huntington the only evidence of life among the big operators. Mr. E. H. Harriman, who owes his financial eminence and success to his unique ability as a borrower, has apparently not only sold enough Los Angeles-Pacific bonds to complete the broad-gauging of that system, but the money has been provided for the construction of the tunnel, which is to extend west from the depot site on Hill street, near Fourth. I have it, on inside information, that actual work

on the tunnel will be in progress in a few weeks. Remembering that no later than December the Los Angeles-Pacific was understood to be scraping the bottom of its financial "barrel" for the wherewithal to meet interest payments, it is indeed gratifying to know that the company has raised the money with which to make the much needed tunnel improvement.

And Another.

I have learned about still another bit of corporation enterprise that is significant. Representatives of the Santa Fe have been buying right of way between the La Grande depot at First street and the River, and the Arcade depot. The Santa Fe can need this right of way for only one purpose—to reach the Union depot when it is erected. And it may be taken for granted that the Santa Fe would not be so busy in getting the desired land at this particular moment, unless its officers had direct information that the Union depot project, so urgently required, would not become a reality in a short time.

Mean Activity.

All of these things mean renewed activity in more than one direction. Once the smaller financial fishes are convinced that the higher ones are renewing their energies, the smaller fish will loosen up and begin to do business. Up to this week I have been something of a pessimist about business prospects this coming summer. I am a pessimist no longer. Most people are like sheep, anyway, and once the bell wethers like Huntington and Harriman and the Santa Fe start the wheels to moving, the other sheep will fall in behind quickly enough.

Money.

All these things will be stimulated by the prospect of cheap money by the first of June. Venturing into prophecy, I think that money will be about the cheapest thing in this market by that time. The savings banks continue to gather in and husband their cash in anticipation of meeting the notices served by their depositors in October, November and December of last year. These notices mature in April, May and June. At the present time not twenty-five per cent of the notices in September have caused payment of cash to depositors. In other words, the depositors are satisfied to let things alone. Arguing from this and from experience of bankers the country over, relatively a small proportion of the notices of withdrawal will end in actual withdrawal. Nevertheless, the banks must be prepared to meet all demands, and they will not be inclined to loosen up appreciably until the bulk of the notices mature. What will happen then? Either the savings banks will have plenty of money, piled up in anticipation of this call upon them, or the people will have plenty of money, seeking investment. In other words, the stringency will be over. **Somebody** will have it to lend—banks, or private parties—and in plenty. The days of eight per cent real estate loans will then be only a memory.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First class service for first class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Earl Promotes Himself.

E. T. Earl has promoted himself into "Times'" blacklist. I quote from the "Express" of Tuesday:

The proprietor of the "Express" gladly takes his place on the roll of honor sometimes referred to as the tricky "Times's" black list, realizing that no man's or woman's name is written there who has not in some way wrought for the advancement of the community or the good of humanity.

"No Man's or Woman's Name," eh? Well I gladly print the names of **some** of the men and women in whose company E. T. Earl finds pleasure and who have "wrought for the advancement of the community or the good of humanity." Ladies first, please!

Mrs. Emily Newton.

Mrs. Katherine Tingley.

Judge J. W. McKinley.

Congressman James McLachlan.

Mr. R. W. Burnham.

Dr. John R. Haynes.

Mr. C. D. Willard.

Mr. Walter F. Parker, name possibly removed from the blacklist.

Mr. W. E. Dunn, name possibly stricken from the list.

Superintendent E. C. Moore of the public schools.

Rev. Dana Bartlett of the Bethlehem Mission.

Mr. Meyer Lissner.

The City Club.

All "Reformers."

The publishers of the "Graphic"—who in Mr. Earl's eyes are not editors.

Mr. W. R. Ream.

Mr. W. E. Chapin.

St. Tobias Earl.

Bless us and preserve us!

Who Took Their Money?

The Times announces that the Bidwell Cold Motor Co. and the Chicago-New York Air Line electric railroad scheme have gone "fluey." Let me see; who was it took the money of the promoters of these schemes to induce the people to invest their coin? Wasn't it this same Los Angeles "Times?"

Silly Season.

The silly season on. Elinor Glyn and Dorothy Dix, two of the "Examiner's" hysterical females are discussing women's suffrage. Elinor, the author of "Three Weeks," says no. Dorothy, the guide, philosopher and friend of giggling girlyhood says yes. What sufficeth all this mush—it is thin intellectual gruel at best.

Unconstitutional.

The anti-racing tip ordinance, passed by the City Council over Mayor Harper's veto, even if not legally passed, is palpably unconstitutional. It is an infringement on the liberty of the press, and was passed as a sop to the ultra long-hair element of Los Angeles. If enforced it will exclude from circulation in Los Angeles every particle of racing information, and while I do not anticipate that any local daily will have the nerve to test the ordinance, the clash will come when the San Francisco "Chronicle," "Call" and "Bulletin" insist on circulating their regular editions here. They will not eliminate their racing reports but will meet the law fairly and squarely. I notice that assistant City Attorney Works in championing the cause of the ordinance before the council said that

the appearance of entry lists and form charts in papers published outside of the State or in California cities other than Los Angeles, and the subsequent circulation of these papers here would be a technical violation of the ordinance. He thought "discretion should be used in enforcing the ordinance."

"Discretion."

Right there Mr. Works went on record as countenancing one of the greatest abuses of the day. Who is to have this discretion? The evident intention is to make censors of the police. And will Mr. Works vouch for the unerring wisdom and unbiased judgment of the police here or anywhere? If the law is on the statute books an attempt must be made to enforce it against all parties; if it is good law—and the "Graphic" unhesitatingly says it is not—then it must be obeyed impartially. "Discretion" in the enforcement of law is subversive of every right that we have.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

He Should Know.

Father Yorke, in a terrific onslaught in the "Leader" upon the San Francisco "Examiner," asks "who can measure the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of its influence for evil?" And he answers his own question by declaring: "For over twenty years it has been a school for crime. The other dailies, equally conscienceless but less cunning, have been compelled to dance to its tune. If we are looking to tax the cause of crime, tax the daily newspapers, tax them not \$1,000 a year, nor \$10,000 a year, but tax them to the last cent of their vile profits, for their tall towers are built on the bones of your children and the revelry in their palaces is paid for by the souls of men." For a considerable period during the twenty years that the "Examiner," in Father Yorke's judgment, has been "a school of crime," Father Yorke himself was one of its chief teachers and masters. There was a time, and not so long ago, when Father Yorke's word was law in the "Examiner" office, and when employes who incurred his displeasure were discharged. And

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now he asks: "Is there any murderer whom it does not glorify? Any assassin whom it does not defend? Any brute whom it does not patronize? Any thug whom it does not employ?"

Ed. Moore Coming.

E. D. Moore, for several years the very able correspondent of the Associated Press at Los Angeles, is returning to California to relieve temporarily Paul Cowles, the Coast superintendent, who has been summoned to New York for consultation with his chief. Moore has been night editor of the great news service in New York for the last two years, and is regarded as one of the most reliable men in the "A. P." Paul Cowles is well known here, his duties necessitating frequent visits to Los Angeles. Cowles made a great record for himself during the disaster in San Francisco two years ago, maintaining throughout those terrible days an excellent, accurate and conservative service, which was in strong contrast to the mass of sensational "specials" sent out from the stricken city. Throughout that period of stress Ed. Moore was Cowles' right hand man. Moore's most notable achievement during his residence here was his description of the "Bennington" disaster, his reports from San Diego gaining the warmest admiration of editors throughout the country.

Wyatt's Tactics.

I am sorry to say that the Mason Opera House is gaining a most unenviable reputation throughout the theatrical world, on account of the niggardly policies of its manager and his pronounced unpopularity. Theatrical men in the East appear to believe that there is a "conspiracy" among the local newspapers against Wyatt's house, and attribute much of the "bad business" there to such a cause. Of course, there is no "conspiracy," but it is true that newspapermen have no reason to regard Manager Wyatt with affection. At this writing it is doubtful if Mary Shaw, perhaps the most "advanced" actress of the American stage, will fill her engagement at the Mason. The reason, I am told, is that Wyatt demanded as his share of the receipts five per cent more than Miss Shaw's manager had paid at any other theater in the country. Miss Shaw and her manager positively refused to give up in any such fashion.

A Much Discussed Play.

Mary Shaw is at once the most intellectual and the boldest figure on the American stage today. She is a woman of the highest character and the keenest refinement, and people are puzzled to find her presenting Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the play which was stopped by the police in New York on account of its alleged immorality. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is quite frankly and designedly an "unpleasant" play, but I have always failed to see its immorality. On the contrary, I believe it to be an exceedingly moral play, so moral that it pierces the roots of immorality. Miss Shaw's own defense of the play is instructive: "I wish," she says, "that when a play of this kind is written all the critics could be women—they could understand it. The average man, not knowing mother love, can not comprehend such a play or understand what it typifies. Shaw, instead of tak-

ing the ugly side of his theme, instead of depicting lust and passion, made the play the basis for an exposition of the highest type of love—that of a mother for her daughter. He depicted sin not through sin itself, but made it the more striking by making love its reflection."

Albertson.

Much interest attaches to the success which Lillian Albertson appears to have achieved in the production of "Paid in Full" at the Astor Theater, New York. The "Dramatic Mirror," in its review of the new play says: "But one other new drama of contemporaneous life this season has met with the unequivocal success that this play experienced on its opening night. Here is a playwright with perception, skill, knowledge and, evidently, acquaintanceship with his own limitations. He has taken a subject within his grasp and has handled it in such a way as to indicate a potentiality later to be developed dynamically. One remarkable feature of his work is that apparent constructive defects in one act become structural strengths in the succeeding acts. For example, the driving force in the second act climax seems too weak to account for the action of the woman, until near the end of the third act, when the purpose of this character's behavior is made clear. Another remarkable thing is the author's cleverness at finding a proper combination of the theatric and the natural in the handling of situations. In character drawing he shows much skill—a development of the same skill exhibited in his unformed, but promising play, "The Undertow," produced last season. His dialogue is clever, but not too clever, and his narrative is well built. And, although he has disobeyed three canons of play building—



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love story, unmarried heroine and happy ending—he has told an interesting story in an uncommonly interesting way.”

Of Miss Albertson's work the "Mirror" continues: "Lack of space forbids a close analysis of the acting, which is so genuinely good as to deserve unreserved praise. Lillian Albertson as the wife plays with remarkable grace and understanding and with complete freedom from theatric tricks."

It is to be remarked that Oza Waldrop the midget-like ingenue, who was at the Burbank a few seasons ago, is in the support.

Albertson Again.

I gladly repeat a few remarks from "The Matinee Girl" in the "Mirror," still about Miss Albertson:

At an impromptu banquet of persons from her own State now resident in New York, I was attracted by a quiet girl who sat smilingly observant of the chatters about her. Again and again I turned from the human magpies, strident and tiresome in their efforts to be brilliant, to the tall, quiet girl, who listened more eloquently than they spoke. I became conscious of a mighty current of magnetism drawing my eyes and bearing my thoughts toward her.

"Why do I look at her continuously?" I thought. "There are a dozen prettier girls in the room." This was true.

"Certainly they are all more vivacious." This again was true. Peevishness protested against this bondage to the girl, who gave no outward token of her power to enslave unwilling attention.

I tried to analyze her. Tall, of camellia-like pallor, with a good brow, a strong, well formed nose, a rather wide mouth, and a careless glory of loosely arranged auburn hair! These were the only outward and visible tokens of inward gifts. Once she arose and crossed the room. I saw that she was tall and slender, with rather square shoulders. She moved with a grace so quiet, so unobtrusive, that she did not seem to move at all.

Some one whom she knew presented some one else. She acknowledged the introduction with a smile so swift and illuminating that it was like bringing a lamp into a dark room. Then, again, she disclosed the rare talent of listening well. Scarcely a word did she speak, but with charm she listened! It must have turned the head of a man to see his foolish utterances so attended. She listened as Desdemona listened to the stories of Othello.

"Who is she?" I asked nineteen persons. They did not know. The twentieth did. "She is Lillian Albertson, a girl who has been playing in the stock companies in California. We expect a great deal from her."

Last autumn in the brief-lived "The Silver Girl," and now in "Paid in Full," that strong play so strongly rendered by veteran players, the girl shines with jewel-like brilliance.

Of splendid repose and entire sincerity, with youthful charm dominated by keen intelligence, she is one of the most attractive and promising young actresses that has trod the boards of Broadway for dramatic ones.

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Fire Traps.

The City Council has committed a crime against the community and humanity in tampering with the fire limits. It is nothing short of criminal to allow the erection of any more big frame rooming houses and "family hotels" on the big Second and Third street hill. Within a month two of these traps have been on fire; and some fine day or night there will be a conflagration that will stagger Los Angeles. I don't care who owns property on that hill; I don't care who wants to put up more fire traps. To exclude that hill from the fire limits is a crime—and the more regrettable because there is no way of punishing the offenders. The hill dwellers will be cleaned out some time by fire—maybe in a year, maybe in fifteen years; that is as certain as the law of retribution. And who will be responsible for the loss of property and almost certain loss of life? On whose heads the guilt?

Expected.

No one expected that the City Council would make any change in the maximum that the electric lighting companies will charge for "juice" for another year. The City Council did what every one believed would be done—in other words the electric companies got what they wanted. For the "Record" and other "anarchists" to storm at the council is as futile as it is amusing. What does the "Record" expect? To hatch chickens from duck's eggs?

Frisbie.

Perhaps the most vigorous attack on the Christian Scientists yet made in California, comes from A. G. Frisbie formerly a reader of the Second Church of Christ, Scientist, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Frisbie has a lecture entitled "Some Errors of Christian Science," and he is delivering it at various places; at San Diego he packed the Isis Theater to the doors. While he denounced several features of the popular conception of Christian Science, he devoted more attention to Mrs. Eddy. I do not suppose that Mr. Frisbie's lecture will cause a single Christian Scientist to change his views, but depend upon it, Mr. Frisbie will set the publication committee of the Christian Scientists into a period of activity. And believe me the local publicity committee of the Christian Scientists is about the most active and efficient body of the sort of which I have any knowledge.

Bethlehem Needs Funds.

This to you, gentle reader. The Bethlehem Institution is in need of funds. On account of the prevailing quietness which has followed the senseless money scare of three months ago, there are more idle men in town at this season than is good for the community. These men must be taken care of, and many of them kept out of mischief. The call upon the charitable institutions was never greater than now, and the brunt of the burden falls on such institutions as the Bethlehem on Vignes street, on the Salvation Army, the Volunteers of America and such bodies as are doing their work in the downtown districts. I am informed that the Bethlehem Institute needs funds. Mr. Bartlett and his co-laborers in the vineyard deserve all consideration from the charitably inclined. This call should not fall on heedless ears.

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Say Balloon.

If you want to see a broad grin spread over the ever-ready-to-smile of face of Senator H. M. Willis of San Bernardino, say "balloon" to him. A few days ago Senator Willis was going around the corner into a rather dark hall at the Hollenbeck Hotel with a lighted cigar in his mouth when there was a sudden report of a pistol in his face. The Senator thought he had been shot at until backing into the light he found that he had stuck his cigar into a bunch of balloons held by a vender coming out of the hall. The cigar had touched off the balloons. Just how much it cost him, Senator Willis is not telling.

Jack London.

Some one on the "Times" staff has Jack London described with much accuracy when he said in The Lancer last Sunday. "Jack London has a fine brain and the nature of a street rowdy." Anyone who has followed his article on his own adventures in the "Cosmopolitan" will agree with The Lancer. The Lancer in discussing socialism declares that with London it is a graft. "It suits his ruffian instincts; it's safer than highway robbery and sells his books." London's most intimate Los Angeles friend is Cloudsley Johns, who was one of the socialists arrested.

Juvenile Courts

Maybe I will get serious during Lent and devote some time to the improvement of my mind. I notice that the Seventeenth Annual session of the Woman's Parliament will be held at Ventura beginning April 1 and continuing for three days. The visitors to Ventura will be the guests of the Ventura County Association of Women's Clubs: In connection with the usual programme allowance is being made for a three minute report from each delegate and for free discussion. The counties have very gratifying progress to report along the lines of Juvenile Courts and other forms of child saving. Important additional measures are to be presented and undertaken.

Jacob Adloff Retires.

After an active and successful business career of nearly a quarter of a century, Jacob Adloff has disposed of his interest in Adloff & Hauerwaas and has decided to enjoy life. Still on the sunny side of fifty, hale, active and strong, Mr. Adloff is enough of a philosopher to know when he has enough and to spend the next twenty-five years as he pleases. He has made several trips to Europe in recent years and possibly another jaunt in that direction is planned. Mr. Adloff's interest in Adloff & Hauerwaas has been purchased by Christ Krempel, who is known and respected throughout the German element in the community. The business of Adloff & Hauerwaas will continue as before, with Christ Krempel president and William H. Preston the brother-in-law of the late John Hauerwaas as secretary and treasurer.

The Colin Stakes.

On Saturday afternoon, March 14, "The Colin Stakes" will be run at Santa Anita Park. This interesting event is a five furlong race—a sweepstake for two-year-olds (now yearlings), \$1500 added. This is the last of the stake races for the winter racing season at Santa Anita unless the directors deem it advisable to lengthen the meeting, in

which event special purse and stake races will be made a feature.

The Los Angeles Derby.

Saturday last the "Derby" was run at Santa Anita Park—a race for \$5000. The event attracted a record breaking crowd of racing enthusiasts. The race in itself was far from being spectacular, as Sam Hildreth's speedy "Meelick" made a run-away affair of it and finished in a common canter in very slow time. The running of "Red" Walker's horse, "Stanley Fay," was much of a disappointment, this racing "tool" having beat "Meelick" easily in a race a few days before. "Fay" did not make a respectable showing in the "Derby." "Red" Walker with his stable of "hot" and "cold" horses detracts from the sport of racing, and it occasioned a mild surprise to race goers that he would return to Santa Anita after leaving in a "huff" some time ago after Judge Hamilton had assessed him a nominal fine of \$100 for violation of a racing rule.

Sam Hildreth's Luck.

That prominent turfite Sam Hildreth brought to the coast tracks the best class of thoroughbreds he owned, and it is no surprise to know of his having won the Burns Handicap—a \$10,000 stake—at San Francisco with his good horse "Montgomery," repeating in the \$7,500 stake the following Saturday at Santa Anita Park, then annexing the \$5000 Derby stake with "Meelick" Saturday last. Another season he may meet with other classy contenders.

The National Bank of California

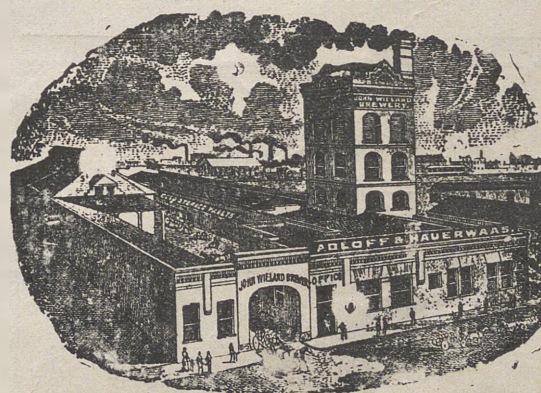
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Danger Passed.

The encouraging news comes from San Francisco that all danger of a bubonic plague scare is at an end, provided the present drastic measures for improved sanitation and the anti-rat crusade are continued. From one of the army surgeons at present in charge of the San Francisco situation I learn that of 2500 rats examined last week only nine were found to be infected, which is almost only one-third of one per cent, against one and a half per cent thirty days ago.

Bah!

Perhaps the most ridiculous bubble that has sprung from the pot of national politics is that Hearst's Independence Party will make Roosevelt its candidate. Hearst's Independence Party is for nobody but Hearst, but it is not impossible that the weird idea of Hearst nominating Roosevelt might be carried out with the vain hope of splitting the Republican ranks. One can imagine the "caustic verbiage" that the President would employ were such a nomination ever tendered him.

Webb Out.

There has been another turn in the wheels at the "Examiner" office and Fenner H. Webb, make up expert and news editor has resigned. He is still in Los Angeles, and perhaps is waiting for a call to come back. Whether he will get it I cannot say. The temper of the typical Hearst manager is something not lightly to be trifled with and if precedents count, Webb's local experience is at an end. Webb was terribly disappointed at not becoming managing editor when Ar-

thur L. Clarke went to Chicago and I am told set about making things disagreeable for the new manager Mr. Anderson, and the city editor, Jimmy Nourse. There are ways and means of setting things awry in a newspaper office which a master of the art readily understands, but which are not readily comprehended by one outside the newspaper business. I am told that Webb in a quiet but none the less effectual way proceeded to demoralize the office, a chap named Collins helping very materially. Mr. Anderson stood it awhile and then Collins lost his yellow jacket and peacock feather of office, Webb's resignation following hard after. Webb, as I have before stated is a marvel at make-up and at featuring news stories, although he draws much inspiration from other newspapers. He will be found later on somewhere in Hearstdom, but as I said I scarcely believe his chances are good for reinstatement in Los Angeles.

Morosco.

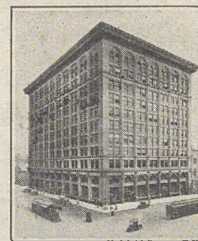
At the time this was written Oliver Morosco's trial on the charge of permitting minors to act on the Burbank stage, had begun in the police court. The specific instance refers to the youthful son of Harry Glazier of the Belasco company. It happens that Harry Glazier wants the boy to adopt the stage as a profession; that the boy is anxious to make an early start in his career; that it is admitted that no harm came to the lad mentally, morally or physically by reason of his appearance at the Burbank; that nearly every actor or actress who stands conspicuously high in the profession "began" early. In other words the actor, to attain to eminence in the profession must begin early. On the other hand there is the letter of the law. Were the matter sifted down it would be found that originally these "child-actor laws" were passed to protect waifs in the large cities. The law then filtered through the country and theoretical philanthropists pounced on the idea as a means of acquiring notoriety, perhaps in the desire to do good. At any rate, whatever the original impelling cause, it is inconceivable that in a city the size of Los Angeles the necessity exists of protecting the young, as it actually does exist in great cities. Mr. Morosco and the members of the Theater Managers' Association believe that the law is an unreasonable one; and if Mr. Morosco is convicted, an appeal will be taken to the higher court.

Legal Aid Bureau.

The Legal Aid Bureau to protect the poor was organized Monday night at the Alexandria. Judge Conrey and Guy Eddie gave it approval. Poor people will be given an opportunity to get their rights in cases which the courts cannot handle. Doubtless amendments to ordinances and laws will be made. The committee to draft the constitution and nominate officers is composed of Judge N. P. Conrey, Guy Eddie, assistant prosecuting attorney, Mrs. Pearl Adams Spaulding, Reynolds Blythe, Mrs. George Drake Ruddy, Mrs. Mary Kenny and Mrs. Eliza Tupper Wilkes.

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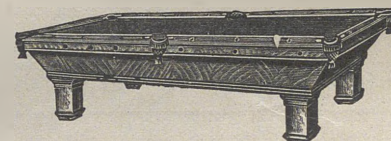
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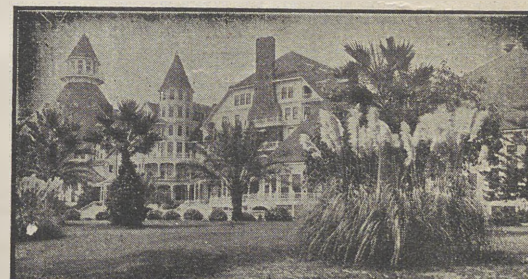
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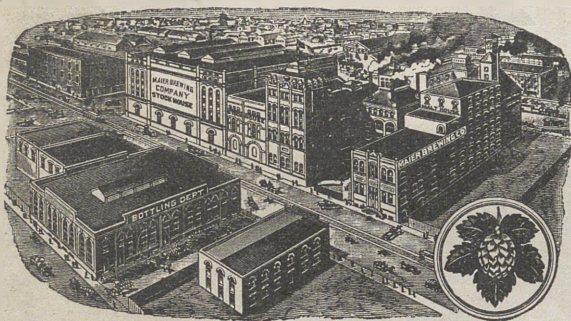
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Desmond

I ran across an old scrap book, the other day, and found this, from the "Times," published in September, 1903:

"William Desmond, leading man of the Sanford players, is a clever actor, as is evident to the patrons of the Grand, where he is playing, but the fact that he is a trained and all-round athlete is known to very few, for Desmond is modest—about that."

Billium Desmond seems to have been the same Billium even in those remote days.

Soccer Booming.

There is no doubt that Soccer football is gaining quite a vogue in Los Angeles, as evidenced by the increasing size of the crowd on the bleachers at Fiesta Park every Sunday. Quite a number of people who have been to see the games merely because they have never seen Soccer before, and want to see what it looks like, find the game so interesting to watch and easy to understand that they get to be regular fans. There are three teams in the local league at present, and each one of them plays first-class ball. The Scottish players under the name of "Thistles" have shown a slight superiority so far, while the English and Ranger terms are both playing such excellent football that either one of them might come out with the championship. There are eleven players on a Soccer team, five forwards, three half-backs, two full-backs and one goal keeper. With the exception of the goal-keeper, no player is allowed to touch the ball with his hands or arms. The object of the game is to kick the ball between the opponent's goal posts, and some of the players show amazing skill in dribbling and passing with their feet. There is an off-side rule, as in all football games, but unlike Rugby and Intercollegiate, in Soccer this rule is very easy to understand. A player may stand as near to his opponent's goal as he likes and wait for the ball to be passed to

him, providing there be two players beside the goal keeper of the side between him and the goal. Should a player stand so that there was only one opponent between him and the goal, he is off side, and must not play the ball. If he does, a free kick is given to the other side. The forwards of the Scotch team have a wonderful combination. Gove and Buchan are the two outside men, Gorfunkle and Mitchell are on the inside, while McDougall is center. When these five men get started on a passing run down the field they are very hard to stop. Their team work is a sight. When a man passes the ball he seems to know instinctively just where to place it for one of his partners, and I have seen them go nearly the whole length of the field to a score, while the opposing backs, one after the other, tried to stop the rush, only to be dodged or to have the ball passed away from their very feet. Tom Higgins, the Rugby player, provides entertainment by his tremendous kicking ability. He plays back for the Thistles, and when his goal is threatened he will make a swift and unerring run at the ball and boot it nearly the length of the field. Another player who is making a name for himself is Calderbank, who keeps goal for the English team. This man's defense is very remarkable; in fact, he seems to fill the goal with arms and legs until there is not even a small space for the ball to pass through. At the end of the present series of games the local players expect to select a team to send north to play the pick of San Francisco. I shall be greatly disappointed if our men do not prove easy winners. With such men as those already mentioned, Elliot, Walton, Porteous, Pat Higgins and some whose names I do not know, we should be able to clean up any amateur team in the country.

Bunglers!

The Supreme Court of California having affirmed the decision of the Appellate Court in the Schmitz case, there is not much left of the Schmitz-Ruef prosecution, but a mass of wreckage. There remains but one chance in a hundred of convicting Ruef and Schmitz, the arch hoodlers, of any offense, there are ninety-nine chances in a hundred in favor of their ultimate escape from any penalty whatever. Mr. Heney may rage, Mr. Langdon may roar, the "Express" and the "Call" and "Bulletin" may rampage about, but the cold crystalline fact remains that the prosecution has bungled—bungled horribly. In sacrificing public interest to the ends of a private vendetta; in dealing with Ruef; in giving immunity contracts to plunderers; in these and so many things that their enumeration would fill a page, the Prosecution has been laden with blunders. Mr. Heney has been shown up in his proper light—a vituperative, boastful, blustering little party, with no substantial foundation. The Supreme Court, of course, will be deluged with the criticisms, open attacks, or malicious innuendoes of Mr. Justice Earl of the "Express," Mr. Justice Spreckels of the "Call" and Mr. Justice Older of the "Bulletin." This is to be expected, but what cannot down is that the wind and incompetency of Heney, Langdon, et. al. has facilitated the escape of the hoodling Supervisors, has all but made certain the escape of Ruef and Schmitz and has made what comes close to being a farce out of a judicial proceeding.

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Suborning Perjury.

The attempts of Detective Burns to extort testimony from Ruef have been vividly described in the affidavits of two of the inmates of his private prison, who positively corroborate Ruef's own sworn statement of the disgraceful methods of coercion and intimidation employed by agents of the Spreckels prosecution to induce him to "come through" with evidence which he vowed was untrue. F. A. Reiss, owner of the residence in which Ruef was incarcerated, and Bertha Weigel, a domestic employed by Reiss, both swear that in the middle of one night during the Schmitz trial they overheard Burns's frantic attempts to suborn perjury. Bertha Weigel's affidavit declares: "I heard Mr. Burns say to Mr. Ruef in effect 'We want you to change your statement; we believe you are trying to protect Mr. Schmitz and his wife and his children and you must testify that you and Schmitz agreed to hold up the French restaurants.' I heard Mr. Ruef say: 'I will not do that; it is not the truth, and I have told you so many times.' Mr. Burns then said: 'Well if you don't testify that way, and the way we want you to, all our promises to let you off are off and we'll go after you.'". Reiss corroborates every detail of this amazing incident. Moreover Rabbi Kaplan was present during this attempt by Burns to force Ruef to manufacture testimony.

Who is the Perjurer?

Francis J. Heney's affidavit attempting to answer the arraignment of the Spreckels Prosecution for violation of a solemn contract, for base juggling with justice, for legal fraud and public deception, accuses Rabbis Nieto and Kaplan—to say nothing of Abraham Ruef—of deliberate lying. It is now obvious that either Heney or the rabbis have committed perjury. Why, it may be asked, has Heney waited over seven weeks to refute Rabbi Nieto's word? As long ago as January 19, on the same day that District Attorney Langdon caused the publication of the immunity contract, Rabbi Nieto, in an interview published in the "Call," declared that the Prosecution had solemnly agreed to permit Ruef's plea of guilty in the French restaurant case to be withdrawn and the indictment dismissed. Subsequently this declaration was corroborated in the most specific terms possible by both Rabbi Nieto and Rabbi Kaplan in sworn affidavits. During all those seven weeks not a word of denial came from any member of the Prosecution, no suggestion that Rabbi Nieto's original declaration was false. In such circumstances, Heney's belated denial is not convincing. Someone should promptly be prosecuted for perjury.

Conger Sale.

No family is better known in Pasadena and Los Angeles than that of the Congers. Every time the late United States Ambassador to China came hitherward his movements were fully chronicled and his course during the Boxer troubles duly approved. I was greatly surprised to read an article in the "Argonaut" of March 7, sent under date of February 29 by the New York correspondent. This article I reproduce in part:

I shrink a little from describing the Chinese curiosities that were sold here last week by public auction as the "Conger Collection of Loot," but

there seems to be no other expression that is so accurately indicative of its nature. The suppression of the Boxer trouble by the allied forces is a matter of history, although we do not yet know, and perhaps we never shall know, the full tale of murder and outrage that marked the progress of the white soldiers to Peking. There is no competition for supremacy in the carnival of plunder to which the ancient Chinese city was subjected, and while we should like to forget the ugly story in its entirety if we were allowed to do so, it must be admitted that a public auction of spoils is hardly conducive to so desirable an oblivion.

How this extraordinary collection of antiquities came to be in the possession of Mr. Conger, who was United States Minister to China at the time, is not quite clear. No one suggests that Mr. Conger stole them, but then, on the other hand, no one denies that they were stolen. It is patent to the meanest intelligence that they were stolen, and there can be no such thing as a bona fide claim to their rightful ownership in this country. Whether the actual thieves took them to the American Embassy for sale or whether they passed through various hands on the way matters not at all. There can be no such thing as innocent possession anywhere along the line, and indeed the very fact that they were plundered is advertised in enhancement of their value. It would appear that there are no such things as property rights where Chinamen are concerned.

There were about a thousand of these looted articles and that their sale netted over \$37,000 is some indication of their actual value, although it is admitted that the result was disappointing to the diplomat's widow, who expected to receive at least twice that amount. There were plenty of buyers, and some keen competition was displayed among those who were anxious for the tangible proofs that the Egyptians had been effectively spoiled. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt bought a large celadon bowl of the K'ang-hsi period and gave \$70 for it. Of course, it is worth a lot more than that. She also bought a collection of dwarf plants and ornaments for \$65 and a brilliant cobalt blue temple jar for \$225. James Steers became the "owner" of a large white hard paste bowl of the Ch'ien-lung period for \$160, another of porcelain of the Yung-Ch'eng period for \$110, and another of blue and white thick porcelain for \$80. Other purchasers were John Ortgen, R. Fulton Cutting and K. Everett, who bought dishes, vases, carved woods, teak boxes, and the infinite variety of bric-a-brac associated with Chinese industry and art. Everything went cheaply, as though the warning of *caveat emptor* were visibly displayed in the sale room. It may be wondered what the courts of law would say to claim from the rightful Chinese owners of all this treasure and, of course, the identity of many of them is well known and indeed was advertised as "a guarantee of good faith."

Francisco's "Grand Cañon."

J Bond Francisco's masterpiece, "The Grand Cañon of the Colorado," has been shipped to San Francisco for exhibition by the Santa Fe Company. This marvelous oil painting, the first I have ever seen which does justice to the Grand Cañon, has been

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shown for some weeks in the window of the local Santa Fe Company. I have several times suggested that one of the local clubs, the California or the Jonathan, buy this masterpiece, but perhaps the canvas is to fall to the Santa Fe Company. Mr. Francisco went to San Francisco on Wednesday, to hang the picture for the company.

Baseball.

In making my occasional references to baseball affairs I gladly join in the recommendation of the dailies that everybody go to Chutes Park to see the Chicago "White Sox" play. It is exceedingly seldom that one gets a chance to see big league ball, unless in the course of an eastern trip. The Chicago team was one of the contenders for the American League championship last season, and will be a contender this year. Interest in this club is greater because it carries on its pay roll three players who formerly played in Los Angeles. Two are Dougherty, left fielder, and Altrock, the left-handed pitcher who can get a ball over to first base to catch a base runner "napping" quicker than any twirler in the business. The third player, who is not of such eminence in the profession, is Jakey Atz, shortstop. Henry Berry, who manages the local club, made a ten-strike in getting the Chicago club to come to California for their training trip, and is entitled to a big patronage for this bit of enterprise.

Season Promising.

In all probability this will be the banner season from attendance standpoint for baseball in Los Angeles. Enthusiasm is well

stirred up. Sunday saw a crowd of sport-loving people in numbers estimated as being over 7000. All the race track crowd was there, all the "fans" and all the "old timers" who hadn't seen a ball game in years. Baseball is a clean open-air sport, and a good ball team well supported means much for the advancement of interest of Los Angeles as a center for clean sports.

Orpheum.

I am told that one of the reasons why the Orpheum management has been unable to secure a site for the new Orpheum and to conclude a satisfactory long term lease, is that property available is about the scarcest thing to be found. The new Orpheum, when built, will not only be located right in the heart of things, but there must be a frontage of at least eighty feet, a good depth and plenty of room on the sides of the building to conform with the building ordinances. The Orpheum people want a long term lease, fifty years preferred.

Baumgardt.

Los Angeles people are becoming interested more deeply each season in art, literature and music. Among those who have added much to the literature, art and science of this section of the country is B. R. Baumgardt. For the last year he has presented, throughout the United States, some very interesting travelogues before literary, scientific and general culture societies, women's clubs and Chautauqua bodies. These easy chair journeys partake of the highest literary, artistic and educational merit, and com-

prise twenty-seven lectures covering a wide range of subjects. The European travel lectures are based on a residence of eighteen years on the other side of the Atlantic, on familiarity with modern languages and on unusual opportunities to secure material and information. Mr. Baumgardt's collection of stereopticon views has been pronounced one of the largest and best in existence, numbering over 5000, all beautifully colored, and taken from photographs made in the presence of the speaker, or selected with great care in the cities and countries visited. Mr. Baumgardt is to lecture next Tuesday evening, March 17. This will be the fifth lecture of the New University Course at Simpson's Auditorium. The subject is "Pompeii and Herculaneum," the cities of the dead, so full of interest to the searcher after knowledge of the present time, owing to the recent excavations in both places and their importance from an archeological standpoint. In preparing this lecture, many visits were made to the National Museum in Naples, the depository of nearly all the important finds in the two buried cities. Pompeii was destroyed by ashes from Vesuvius; Herculaneum was buried under a river of lava and mud thirty feet deep.

Residents of Los Angeles and vicinity who have recently registered at Hotel del Coronado are: Mr. J. E. Holton, W. D. Stubbs, S. F. Sheldon, Alphonso Wigmore, Irvine Barret, I. I. Hebbard, C. A. Fellows, Arthur Mutall; A. B. Merrill, of San Pedro, and Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Eliot and George E. Abbott, of Pasadena.

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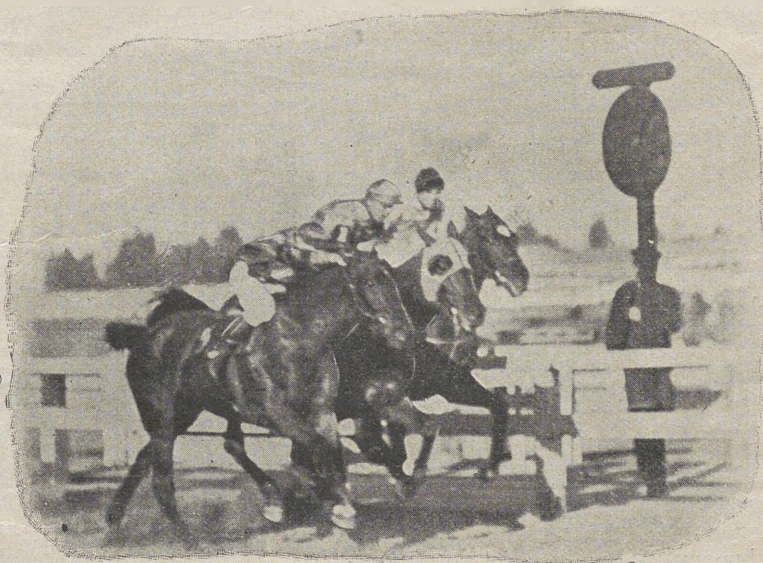
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Deborah's Diary

When the gloomy pall of Lent fell over the women of society it is reported that all of those who suffer from "the too solid flesh" have joined a society, known as the "rollers." Not the "holy" ones, but the fat ones will belong and enjoy this latest extraordinary method of reducing flesh. The method is simple, I am told, and most effective. In the strictest privacy of one's own boudoir the thing is done, morning and evening, thusly: The patient stretches on the hard floor and proceeds to roll over and over, back and forth, under the bed, into the bureau and against the dressing table—nothing matters, for the solid is loosening its unsightly hold and soon the scales show the good work done. I know a sweet young lady in this town, who has rolled off fifteen pounds in three weeks and she isn't through—or dead—yet. A funny story is going the rounds about a well-known and popular society woman, who, during her husband's

absence one evening, elected to roll for half an hour "all by her lonely." Tableau when the immaculate hubby unexpectedly returned and saw his wife, wild eyed and disheveled, rolling over and over on the rug: "Poisoned!" was his first thought, and he rushed for the telephone and help. Just imagine the result.

Where is the Copper Kettle?

Seeing that Annie Wheeler, the late General Joe's daughter is visiting at the home of Mrs. George W. Childs in South Pasadena reminds me of a rumor that was persistent during the General's life. Friends of General Wheeler and Mrs. Childs were expecting to hear the announcement of their engagement any day. The General was very devoted to the wealthy Philadelphia widow, and with his daughter spent much time at the Childs Mansion in Washington.

One of the handsomest and altogether most stunning women that the East has sent West this winter is Mrs. R. Walter Creuzbaur of New York, now but really of Los Angeles for it was here as Jessie Butler that she was a reigning beauty in her girlhood days. Mrs. Creuzbaur is a sister of Willard W. Butler, the well-known golfer. She is this week the house-guest of Mrs. T. E. Gibbon, who on Tuesday gave a bridge party and luncheon for her. Mrs. Creuzbaur will remain in Los Angeles for a few weeks yet, and several are planning to entertain for her.

Copper Kettle, 223 Mercantile Place.

Quite a number of society and other folk have been going to and fro during the past week, some to Coronado, some to Santa Barbara, and not a few to Del Monte, whose inducements are never on the wane. The event of the week at Del Monte was the assembly ball given by the ladies of the Monterey Civic Club, last Tuesday evening, in the ball room of the hotel. The room was decorated with flags and bunting and potted plants, and the grand march was led by Mrs. Hugh McI. Porter, president of the club, and her son, Willis Merrill. The patronesses of the affair were: Mrs. M. P. Maus, Mrs. B. M. Moon, Mrs. H. B. Chase, Mrs. H. R. Warner, Mrs. Elizabeth Martin, Mrs. J. P. Pryor, Mrs. Harry Stuart Fonda, Mrs. David Rodrick, Mrs. W. W. James and Mrs. T. J. Field. There were a number of people from Monterey, from the Presidio and from Pacific Grove in attendance, most of them dining at the hotel previous to the dance. And among those present from Los Angeles were Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kornblum, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Zaiser, W. D. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. I. N. Frasse, Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Krug.

Afternoon tea at the Copper Kettle.

The big society event of the week was the tea given by the sprightly and popular Mrs. Frank Pixley, at her present home on Twenty-seventh street. Mrs. Pixley has rented the Charles Carpenter beautiful

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house for the summer, and never did it look more attractive than Wednesday afternoon. The world and his wife were there, and all the handsome costumes got an outing, even in somber Lent.

Tastiest things to eat at the Copper Kettle.

Miss Gertrude Workman entertained with cards Friday afternoon, at her home on Boyle avenue, for the Beta Delta Sorority. Members of the younger set were guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and daughter, Miss Nina Jones, have gone to San Francisco for a short visit. They will be at home at the Fairmont.

From Coronado.

Admiral Sebree's two cruisers, the Tennessee and the Washington, together with the impending Polo Tournament, have

thrown Coronado to a pulsation of social activity. When the two big warships loomed up in the outer bay one bright morning, a dozen naval wives were made jubilant. Admiral Sebree's visit had been long looked forward to by the navy crowd at Coronado. Many of the women present had come across the continent to meet, at Coronado, their sailor husbands. Among those present at the resort are Mrs. Uriel Sebree, Mrs. W. L. Littlefield and Mrs. Jackson. These, together with the following of Admiral Swinburne's squadron and those who are looking forward to the arrival of "Fighting Bob" Evans' battleships, give the naval colony at Coronado the prestige it held at the Christmas holidays. There was at once an influx of young officers at the hotel to attend the dances and dinners at the resort, and they immediately gave the life of the hotel the naval flavor that has long been one of the features of Coronado.

The Coronado polo tournament gives every promise of being the banner meet of the sport at the resort. Every California polo organization will be represented this year in the tournament. After an absence of one year, Santa Barbara is again in the lists. Burlingame is on hand with enough players to make two teams, and an imposing string of ponies. Los Angeles, Riverside, Santa Monica and the Fourteenth Cavalry make up the other rivals for the John D. Spreckels trophy. Each organization has from a score to three score ponies stabled at the Coronado Country Club. The championship polo field is in perfect condition.

Miss Caroline L. Morgan, niece of J. Pierpont Morgan, is again a guest at the Hotel del Coronado. She recently made a short visit to Santa Barbara, but has now returned for the polo meet at Coronado.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

Do you know, I think that the Stork must be hovering over Blackstones' big store at this moment? I have been having a perfectly beautiful time going over the Baby Department on the third floor of that establishment, and, my dear, I can honestly say I never saw a more tempting display of infants' wear in my life. From the little hand-embroidered slips for the tiniest little new arrival to the pretty suits for the sixteen-year-old maiden, Blackstones can supply every known want in "kinder" land. All the dainty silk and hand-painted trifles that go to the furnishing of the basket and completion of the little trousseau are to be found at Blackstone's in varied numbers;

childrens' millinery in charming selections also is there. And, oh, my dear, girl, the loveliest little coats and white embroidered lingers you can imagine! Again, they have a splendid assortment of colored wash frocks and jumper suits, and at such moderate prices, too, Harriet. If you contemplate making your childrens' garments at home, my dear, you are only wasting time and money, as Blackstones can beat the record in their nursery department this season.

Across the street to the Ville de Paris I, as usual, wended my way to see what was doing in the big French store. I found a positive panic going on in the waist department—some ten thousand white shirt waists

were segregated and priced away down, and the women weren't doing a thing but making them fly. Such a measuring and a fussing and a gabbling was going on around the patient salesladies! It was fun just to look on, and listen to the remarks. But Monday, the 16th, inaugurates the real spring opening at the Ville, my dear, and that will be an occasion worth remembering, as the already beautiful house will put on its gala attire and be decorated in the very gladdest of glad rags. So don't forget that Monday is the opening day at the Ville, and go early.

The great event of the season in the millinery world will be the opening day at Swobdi's beautiful new establishment at 749 South Broadway, which will take place on



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the 23rd or the 24th of this month. Next week, my dear, and I will give you a hint of what you may expect to see. But in the meantime just keep the day in your mind, and the money in your pocketbook.

I was sorry not to be able to buy half a dozen, at least, of the pretty novelties I saw this week at Myer Siegel's place at 251-255 South Broadway. The latest of all, my child, is to have hand-embroidered wash waist belts, collars, cuffs and bow knots to match. Siegel has all the very newest ideas in these little vanities, you know. Beautiful big Merry Widow bows, and any number and color you can desire of these fashionable little silk neckties and tabs and dabs that look so jaunty beneath my lady's chin. Another novelty they show at Siegel's in very full range is the white linen embroidered coat sets, with lapels and cuffs in any style that you want. An old dark cloth suit becomes at once spring-like and fashionable with one of the stylish collarettes and big cuffs attached. Siegel has really a charming choice of these dainty things.

For my "bon bouche" this week, dear girl, I have reserved the millinery opening of the Boston Store. Little Mrs Worth has just returned from New York, fairly snowed under with wonderful hats from London and Paris. My word! but the French milliners are daring in their styles and trimmings, and yet they invariably "arrive" and have a touch and dash that no other people can create. To describe the new importations at the Boston Store, my child, is a task beyond me. One of the Parisian affairs, I assure you, defies the pen of a mere mortal. You must see them—and see them on the head—to realize their exquisite style and grace. The Merry Widow is blamed for so many models that it seems to me she must have worn a hat a minute. But the Boston's millinery opening will reveal all the beauties of the season, and you simply must not miss such an event.

By all means you want to make a memorandum of the date. The opening is set for next Wednesday, the 18th, and will continue on the following Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

My dear girl, I have run across a veritable treasure in the Forve-Pettebone building, 512 South Broadway. The "find" is the W. H. Mosher agency, a branch of the W. H. Mosher Company of Chicago. Everyone who has been in the Windy City has heard of these good people, and if you want something really de rigueur for the wee girlie with the short skirts, or for the bud with her skirts creeping down to her ankles, you must visit the place. They make a specialty of school suits for girls, which are the acme of good taste in material, design and style. They do not confine themselves to the youngsters alone, however, for the mothers

may find nobby suits and auto togs to suit every fancy. Mr. Mosher was with the Peter Thompson Company for many years, and was the real originator of the Peter Thompson suit. Since he has branched out for himself he has made his own improvements and "editions" of the first issue; and I certainly mean to have one for my own little toddler. You can get every sort of material, from gingham to broadcloth, and all in the best of taste.

Affectionately yours,

LUCILLE.

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On the Stage and Off

John Cort and Cal Heilig are to have the new Hamburger theater, opening in September. The Burbank stock company is to remain where it is; the Orpheum people are still looking for a site, but a suitable location is not the easiest thing to find. Such are the latest developments along the Rialto.

Blanche Stoddard, who was Katherine

Emmet's predecessor as leading woman at the Belasco, has become leading woman of the Baker stock company of Portland.

Grace George is worthy of better things than Margaret Mayo's adaptation of Sardou's "Divorecons." Bright, pretty, a consummate exponent of the wilful, spoiled child in mind, if not in body, who has

married a man of mature years, she gets from a somewhat over-drawn part all there is in it. The strongest and cleverest act of the three is the second. The climax to the third act borders on the absurd. Frank Worthing, the leading man, was unable to appear the first night on account of illness, but his place was taken by H. Reeves Smith, who is a capable actor in every sense

of the term. I must disagree from the opinion of the dailies as to the ability of William Ricciardi, who attempted the character of a French restaurateur. Bad—wholly bad! Too noisy, too demonstrative, too much of the poseur. The company is only fair, but does as well, perhaps, as any company can do with this sublimated Sardou translation and adaptation.

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"THE MIDDLEMAN"

Regular Belasco prices prevail. Every night 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 75c.

Most of the turns at the Orpheum this week are hold-overs. Miss Alice Norton still startles the audience with her wonderful fire-powder, from which she manufactures rubies. Violet Dale, with her plastic and obtrusive contortions, still indulges in the dreadful vandalism of trying to imitate Marie Lloyd and Vesta Victoria with an American accent. Shades of Saturday night! Have we not leaned back in the stalls at the good old Oxford and roared out the chorus of "Our lodger is a nice young man," while the dainty little Vesta tripped in front of us. And then to have this suggestively clothed and gestured person try to imitate her! Vandalism? Surely! Bill Hawtrey is just as good as he was last week, if not a trifle better. His facial expression and the way he allows his voice to drop through the scale from that of a clear and determined man to the hiccuping tones of one more than half intoxicated is very fine, and his curtain call brings forth a glim at the gallery that is a wonder. The four little Dutch sisters

sing as charmingly as ever, and the one with the curl still works it to the delight of the audience.

The best of the new turns is that of Armstrong and Verne. The latter is a large person, with a cockney accent you could cut with a knife. The former is a small comedian, with an exceptionally fine voice. Their turn is fast and very funny, without a trace of vulgarity, and they earned their many encores. The moving picture at the end is of French extraction, and is very funny and clever. The motif is a runaway horse that has surreptitiously eaten a sack of oats. Just how the resulting pictures are obtained it is hard to say, but they are screamingly funny.

Despite the fact that Rida Johnson Young has used trite stage artifices in her situations; despite the fact that she can never rise to tense dramatic climaxes, such plays as "Brown of Harvard" and "The Boys



Hermione Shone, at the Orpheum

of Company B" are made interesting by her knowledge of human nature and her ability to create characters who are human. In "The Boys of Company B" she tells a pretty shadow of a story, with an insight into the hearts of young people—both boys and girls—that raises it above the level of the commonplace. Her men make love like men—not like stage puppets, who bob to and fro at the pull of a string. She gives her hero no warm, glowing words, no poetic metaphors to breathe into his lady's ears. She puts strong, natural words in his mouth, words that ring true because they are not theatrical.

The Belasco company instills a good deal of its own intrinsic merit into the play. Charles Ruggles and Dorothy Bernard take the honors as a pair of lisping lovers. Ruggles sings a song or two of which the audience approves vociferously, and Dot Bernard is the most arrant little coquette that ever broke a boy's heart. Joseph Galbraith, oddly, enough, is stronger and more convincing in the few serious moments of the play than in the comedy business. As Eileen McLane Katherine Emmet is delightfully girlish, having toned down a rather too hysterical outburst in the last act until it is natural. Howard Scott makes the most of the caddish Arthur Stabler, and William Harris is forceful as Stabler, Sr.

Many and diverse are the criticisms of "The Boys of Company B," but if the atti-

tude of the audiences—composed of business men and mature women for the most—is to be considered, it is a success at the Belasco. There are no unclean problems of the passions to worry over. It is as refreshing and appealing as a dainty water color after one's eyes have been feasted to cloying on the rich painting of the masters.

Certainly the Burbank has shown its versatility to a marked degree during the last three weeks; witness musical comedy, romantic drama and farce all crowded into that short time. In the exceedingly ancient "What Happened to Jones" they are convulsing Burbank audiences this week, with Henry Stockbridge in his element as the very-much-in-evidence Jones. Blanche Hall is a charming Cissie, in spite of her slang, and she wears two new gowns that are the subject of much comment among the feminine theater habitués. Byron Beaseley appears in a startlingly abbreviated costume at the end of the second act, and adds a leaf to his laurels as the much-abused Bishop. Willis Marks is a pleasant and goodly surprise as Professor Goodly.

The popularity of the new Morosco-Montrose song, "My Yankee Sailor Boy," is demonstrated by the fact that the gallery boys whistle it vigorously while the orchestra plays it, and then, like Oliver Twist, demand "more."

which brought fame not only to herself, but to the author, Pinero. He practically wrote the role of "Agnes Ebbsmith" for Mrs. Campbell.

Mrs. Campbell's "Hedda Gabbler" is absolutely new to American audiences, but in the Sudermann and Ibsen dramas she has scored tremendous successes. Nobody, for instance, could resist the charm of her "Magda." Even the veteran critic and poet, William Winter, to whom a problem play or a woman with a past are as red rags on the stage, wrote: "Mrs. Patrick Campbell brings to 'Magda' the advantages of delicate personal beauty of a peculiar type, and the expert facility of ripe experience. Tall, lithe, slender, alert in movement, nervous, restless, impetuous, possessed of an expressive countenance, and of a voice that is singular rather than sympathetic, apt at posing and proficient in sudden swirls of vehement motion and fervent loquacity, this actress readily imparts the impression of a nature that is peculiar, distinctive, energetic and potential. Excessive sensibilities seems to be the predominant attribute of her acting, and this is combined with a certain wild or strange self-absorption, as of a mind in which fancy exceeds reason, and all volition is governed by impulsive feeling."

The one-act Japanese play, "The Flower of Yamato," was written for Mrs. Campbell by the Viscount Gaston D'Humiers; and the new version of the Greek tragedy, "Electra," written by Arthur Symonds. These two will form a special double bill for presentation Friday night and at the Saturday matinee. The bill for Monday and Tuesday nights will be "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; Wednesday night, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"; Thursday night, "Hedda Gabbler" and Saturday night, "Magda."

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Mrs. Patrick Campbell

"I am going to play the roles that give me the greatest satisfaction," explained Mrs. Patrick Campbell to a group of newspaper men who met her on the pier in New York on her arrival to these shores, "and I think I have earned the right."

At the Mason Opera House next week she will be seen in the four great roles which she has chosen for her present tour, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "Magda," "Hedda Gabler," and for special presentation here the Japanese play, "The Flower of Yamato," and the Greek tragedy, "Electra."

It was as Paula Tanqueray that Mrs. Campbell made her first great success,

Crusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Orpheum—"In Dreamland," which Emmet Devoy and his company will present at the Orpheum, commencing Monday matinee, March 16, is entitled to headline honors by right of its novelty and avoidance of the conventional. It has a pantomimic illusion, in which a daughter of Venus and a young New Yorker are the principals. Emmet DeVoy is supported by a company of five, including the famous beauty, Hermione Shone. No other act that has recently appeared at the Orpheum carries the quantity of special scenery and electrical effects that Mr. DeVoy requires in his playlet. Kara, a juggler of European reputation, and the Freres Riego, recent importations whose specialty is hand and head balancing, are also announced. James F. MacDonald completes the list of newcomers. Mr. MacDonald is perilously near being a headliner, and but for the presence of Emmet DeVoy's great act, on the bill would certainly be featured in the large type. He is a singer and story teller of quality. Petching Bros., with their musical flower garden; Eleanor Dalke, Armstrong and Verne, and The Curzon Sisters, are retained for a second week.

Grand—The second week of the Ulrich

Stock Company will be made memorable by the production of Edmund Day's famous romantic melodrama, "Behind the Mask." Edmund Day is famous as a writer of vaudeville sketches, but has made few excursions into the legitimate dramatic field. "Behind the Mask" is a story of a millionaire mine owner, whose past record will not down. Mr. Day has skillfully woven into four acts a tale of thrilling and emotional situations, relieved by a vein of rare humor. George E. Clancy, whose comedy efforts of the past week have made him a favorite with the patrons of the Grand, will be seen in another role of equal opportunity.

Fischer's—The patron saint of Ireland has his natal day next week, and in celebration thereof the show at Fischer's Theater is to be "The Seventeenth of March." The play is produced under the direction of Herb Bell and Billy Onslow, cast as Stump McKenna, will sing a song entitled "The Seventeenth of March." The action takes place at a reception given on the festive day giving title to the comedy, and abounds in humor. Miss Bessie Tannehill will sing "Nightingale," Miss Nellie Montgomery will offer "Coming Home from Coney Isle," and Evan Baldwin has a rollicking cowboy number in "Galveston." George Morrell will delineate a comedy Jew.

Burbank—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer," which is said to be just like its name, replaces farce at the Burbank.

Belasco—Henry Arthur Jones' famous "The Middleman" holds the Belasco boards for the coming week.

Los Angeles—Florence Gear, who was last seen here in the successful role of Kitty in "The Marriage of Kitty," comes to the Los Angeles in a new musical college play, "Cupid at Vassar." Miss Gear has the part of Kate Newton, basket ball champion at Vassar, and is said to have one of the best opportunities of her career.

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In the Musical World

By FREDERICK STEVENSON

Kreisler!

Once now and again there comes into the life and being of the much-harassed critic a technician of superlative ability, an artist of inspirational gifts, a man of fine parts, a simple gentleman devoid of affectation and pretense.

Such, rightly or wrongly, I account Kreisler—and such I account Hofmann, save that he has yet the burden of youth and in-souciance on his stiff-set shoulders.

The man of it is so satisfying—so eminently so that, as I sit and watch this fine fellow in all his coming and going and doing, I instinctively offer up the thanks of a grateful heart for the priceless boon of a consummate artist who is all that genius and art can make him, and yet knows naught of freakishness or undue oddity.

The degradation, if not the disgrace, of art is that it lends itself constantly to disgusting vanity, and not infrequently to follies and vices which would be unforgivable in any other walk of life.

And when we think of the multitudinous exemplars of one or other of these phases passing steadily in motley review, exciting either the contempt or pity of every thoughtful man or woman, it does us honest good to find a man of the Kreisler mould plant himself quietly and modestly before the people simply as the supreme artist and manly man that he unquestionably is.

Look, too, at the fine type of manhood ably seconding him at the piano. You will not accept some of his work as entirely worthy his distinguished chief. Nor will I—for his touch is for the most part of too stocky and uncompromising a character, too suggestive of English brawn and sinew,

too provocative of the wooden and the leaden.

But note the clean-cut manner, the quiet reserve, the honesty of method, the entire absence of mannerism—and much of the British solidity may well be forgiven for this boon of common sanity.

This tribute paid, what shall be said of the interpretative side of Friday evening's doing? This much: Kreisler is, first of all, a classic in the truest and best sense of the word.

To most people, players and hearers alike, the term classic stands for the dry and musty, for the academic and uninteresting. Kreisler will none of this. Witness his group of gems resurrected from out the good old conventional days, and if anything more truly charming or more naively bewitching can be found among the richly harmonized modern melodies they are certainly not of my knowing.

The Martini "Andantino," tender and quiet; the Francoeur "Siciliano," and "Rigaudon," muted, and of a peculiarly piquant type, which found exquisitely light and airy tonal quality; the Couperin "La Precieuse," also muted, and the perfection of dainty mood; the Porpora "Menuet," the essence of sprightly grace; and, finally, the Tartini "Variations," with a fine old-fashioned aroma and much double-stop work of superb power and verve—in the whole of this supremely beautiful group both artists are at the summit of their powers in pure beauty and chastity of finish, save that we wish Mr. Haddon Squire could acquire the caressing and elastic quality of touch and tone of which Paderewski is so consummate a master. Of aught more ethereally beautiful than Kreisler's

pianissimo harmonics and dying cadences it is impossible to conceive, and I wot of nothing which has given me more depth and intensity of delight—save, perhaps, the "Traumerei" of Maud Powell.

No less measure of intrinsic charm was apparent in the closing numbers of this fascinating program—Dvorak's muted "Canzonetta," of rare delicacy and refinement; Wieniawski's "Caprice," also muted, and revelling in brilliant pianissimo passage work; Paganini's "Caprice," with its infinity of change and marvelous harmonic display—and full of allurements always.

Kreisler's larger exploitations in the classic field, the Max Bruch G Minor Concerto and the great Bach Sonata for violin alone, served to show in strong relief the scholarly adequacy and high nobility of his fine musicianship.

It is easy to see that Kreisler is no mere violinist—no mere monument of what incessant work may do for the most ordinary common clay, but in every pulse the musicianly artist, in every phase the finished player, in every inch the manly man.

Kreisler stands today the epitome of all that goes to the making of the musician as he should be, and no higher honor than this can come to any man.

* *

The Fifth Symphony Concert of March 6 found its chief distinction, both in the interpretative quality of the presentation and in the matter of thorough enjoyment, through the medium of the Sibelius tone poem, "Finlandia."

Sibelius, a native Finn and scarcely over forty, is thoroughly imbued with the richer and racier ideas of later orchestration. Every phrase breathes the rugged strength

of his environment, and even the most tender of his emotional melodies—and Sibelius can be tenderness itself on occasion—bespeak the big heart of the strong man moved.

"Finlandia" is a tremendously impressive work—hardly touching the highest flights. It is true, but, nevertheless, of fine breadth and strong compelling power.

Sibelius knows his brass, and palpably loves it. He uses it as freely as ordinary folk use their wood-wind—in full-writ masses and in broadly declaimed figures of quaint design and the most fetching of characters.

One of these figures in particular, of constant insistence, had Mr. Douglas and myself fairly by the ears for quite a spell; and the whole work, indeed, only served to accentuate the fact upon which we have so often insisted that it is to the modern school that we must look, and should look, for the highest and best and most pleasurable and satisfying in the symphony work of today.

What possible good, for example, can be found in the Mendelssohn trumpet overture? Plainly and frankly blatant and noisy, a wind-bag of empty bombast and commonplace counterpoint, it blares its rumbustious way along avenues of tonal distress with never a moment of real musical content from start to finish.

Mendelssohn has his realm of charm—chiefly in the way of poetic melody and in the lighter orchestration of strings, wood-wind and horns. Brass, trumpets and trombones, are with him an unknown quantity—save in the production of mere tonic and dominant rowdiness.

And this we find dubbed "the strength and buoyancy of youth!" Methinks youth does well to be lusty and buoyant, but it does far from well to be noisy and blatant.

It is many and many a year since I heard the "Pastoral," and its presentation at this time served to show in how large a measure Time has wrought a change.

The "Pastoral" was the ideal of susceptible musical youth; its simple melodies caught and held the willing ear; the chastity and purity of its quieter harmonization took touch of taste.

Nor have all these potentialities passed into the bygone. The odd little figure of the first movement still sways by its daring iteration; the playful rusticity of the third movement has not lost its irresistible lilt, and the passing storm still finds a casual shiver or two to do it becoming honor.

But, truth to tell, we are not as young as we used to be; and, between then and now, the world of writing has broadened, and deepened, and made many things anew.

Imagine, for instance, the man of today spending an interminable lifetime of storm-subsidence thankfulness over the ringing of eternal alternating variations on tonic and dominant tonalities—for, frankly and honestly, that is practically the Beethoven treatment of the long finale.

Beethoven has been a long time dead. Peace to his ashes, and more peace to many of his works! Moreover, thank God Tschai-kowsky is to be with us again at the concert of April the 3rd!

Bruce Gordon Kingsley and his Handel Concerto have been pushed into an extremely small corner by the exigencies of space. Suffice it to say that Mr. Kingsley once more showed his excellent command in facile finger work and excellent taste in the regis-

tration of the solo and coloratura passages.

In the full organ exploitation the orchestra went into temporary retirement—not so much of modest intent as of sheer inability to cope with Mr. Kingsley's tonal giant; and, somehow or other, this seems inevitable by reason of the impossibility of hearing all the immensity of power when seated at the organ console.

Mr. Kingsley secured a double recall, and finally gave his well-known interpretation of Lemmens' famous descriptive work, "The Storm"—thereby visiting the first of two furious tempests on a dolce far niente community in the space of one short afternoon.

Mr. Hamilton directed with a distinct accretion of vim and freedom. But Mr. Hamilton needs the modern man to bring out the true, Hamiltonian genius.

"Ring out the old: ring in the new"—this should be the slogan of the Symphony powers that be.

The Orpheus had a narrow escape from a tragedy at the Simpson—a tragedy on historic lines.

Let me see, how run those closing lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "queer, so very queer?"

"He read the next, the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third, a chuckling noise
I now begin to hear.

The fourth, he broke into a roar;
The fifth, his waistband split;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can."

And almost this same dire deed did Joseph Pierre Dupuy and his brave band of singing lads do to a section of their audience on Monday. President Charles Farwell Edson, charmingly accompanied and well up on the firing line, sat with eager hands outstretched in case of need till he, too, alas, caught the trouble full-throated, and gave up—callapsus in toto.

Thayer's "Phantom Band" caused all the trouble—or, at least, some of it; for I really believe that Joseph Pierre and his "boom, boom" basses, together with an extremely funny quartet headed by young O. F. Tallman, were at the bottom of the mischief.

"The Phantom Band" is capital stuff, in its way; and, as interpreted by these fine young fellows, it was tip-top singing and infinitely more funny than any similar humorosity that I hitherto heard perpetrated in such surrounding.

Turning to the serious side of things, I would proffer one kindly word of suggestion and counsel.

The club is doing excellent work—work not very far removed from the high line of true art. The crudeness of tone has almost entirely disappeared; the blend of warm cohesion has come in; the light and shadow of fine expressiveness is of surprising quality and the threading out of the many incidental melodic figures is far and away the most artistic of any club in the Orpheus' class.

The memorising, too, is a most remarkable exploit for so young a body. Not a shred of paper came on to the choral ranks; and, if there were any doubts or slips (save in one possible case) they were mighty well covered up.

All this is true. But there is one other truth—and that is that the stamp and grade of composition is not up to the ideal with which the club started.

I am sufficiently iconoclastic, the dear Lord knows. I despise the musty and stuffy, the academic, the tum-tummy and the poverty-stricken. But I draw the line also at the insignificant—and of the insignificant there was evidence in the compositions put forward on Monday.

These boys are doing splendid work, and they are capable of good things wisely chosen. One point more. A capella work is a big test, the true test. But it is not everything, and it can easily grow monotonous. On the other hand, when resort be had to accompanied work something widely different from Van der Stucken's "Song of May" should find place.

The "Orpheus" is a rare good crowd, finely equipped and capably handled. I congratulate the lads and their leader. Of Mr. Craig and Miss Selby I hope to speak next week.

AS TO PADEREWSKI.

Many readers of the "Graphic" have written this week in more or less stringent terms, disapproving the criticism of Mr. Frederick Stevenson of Paderewski's concert. Some people evidently rank Paderewski among the divinities, and hence above criticism, but this is not the sane and rational method. Mr. Stevenson, be it known, is not the only coast critic who judges Paderewski as an artist and not as a god. Alfred Metzger of the "Musical Review" holds opinions as to Paderewski surprisingly like those of Mr. Stevenson. The latest issue of the "Pacific Coast Musical Review" says of Paderewski's Oakland concert:

"I sat down with the intention of listening very carefully to his playing and give him credit for every phase of artistic superiority that his playing might reveal, and so I waited with impatience the opening number, which introduced Paderewski as composer and pianist, namely, his own Sonata, Op. 21 E flat minor. Even before he appeared upon the stage the element of the poseur was apparent. Previous to his entrance the lights were turned low and the pianist entered making a jack-knife bow to all parts of the auditorium and finally sitting upon the piano stool, going through various affected motions, and after lifting his hands high above his head and holding them for a moment he brought them down upon the keyboard with a crash that made me shiver from head to foot. If Paderewski would have searched the entire library of music for a discord he could not have found one that could surpass his own in ear-racking ugliness. In the fortissimo passages it was almost impossible to hear yourself think, and at no time was there a pianissimo that bore those traces of delicacy and daintiness that we have a right to expect of a piano virtuoso. Another mannerism that characterized Paderewski's playing was an affected retention of his hands upon the keyboard, endeavoring to create the impression that the notes are gradually dying out, and after the illusion or delusion was considered complete he would suddenly release his hands with a jerky movement upwards and, keeping them poised over his head, would await the applause, and then rise and make a few jack-

knife-like bows. The only pianissimo he extracted was the one every one imagined they could hear while the pianist's hands lingered caressingly upon the keyboard. In regard to the composition itself, hardly anything commendable can be said about it. In the first place, it is too erratic, does not reveal any coherent mode of treatment, does not possess any melodic simplicity and phrases of any satisfactory length, nor was there apparent that tranquility of purpose and comprehensiveness of construction usually noticeable in the work of a master of composition. It is true there were evidences of brilliancy of technical requirements, an occasional andante movement of rather pleas-

ing character, and a frequent attainment of gradual climaxes that appealed to one's artistic susceptibilities, but there was so much of the erratic and so little of the artistic poise and balance that altogether the composition did not leave an agreeable impression."

Mr. Metzger makes a similar criticism of the San Francisco concert saying among other things: "The fact of the matter is that Paderewski can not play a composition requiring force and power without abusing the keyboard of the piano. He smashes his chords with the ferocity of a cannibal, and it seems to me one of the strangest freaks of nature that Paderewski is on one hand capable of the most wild-eyed demonstrations of pianistic melodramatic effects and on the other hand he plays a Chopin etude or waltz with a delicacy most exquisite in its dainty tone effect and most graceful and rippling in its technical fresco work. As a rule a pianist who smashes the piano with cannibalistic viciousness is incapable of extracting delicate sentiments from the keyboard. Paderewski is the sole exception in this respect, and herein lies an element of greatness. Therefore, with all his faults, Paderewski must be classed among the world's greatest pianists, but I absolutely challenge his title to the world's greatest pianist."

day evening, March 19, at Simpson's Auditorium. Though now only thirty-three years of age, Blauvelt has been fortunate in being able to appear in grand, as well as comic opera, in oratorio, and in recital work. So popular has she become in London, where she sings each season, that her manager has contracted with the Covent Garden Grand Opera Company for her exclusive public work during the next three years, so this will be our last opportunity for some time to hear her.

Blauvelt is assisted this year by Albert Rosenthal, the 'cellist. He will present solo numbers, as well as obligato accompaniment to the Blauvelt selections. The pianist and accompanist is a very clever Chicago artist, Miss Edith Kellogg. But one Blauvelt recital will be given, and popular prices will prevail.

The program numbers are as follows:

PART I.

Der Hirt Auf dem Felsen (Schubert).—Mme. Blauvelt, Mr. Rosenthal, Miss Kellogg.
Hungarian Rhapsodie (Popper).—Mr. Rosenthal.
Improvisation (MacDowell); Berceuse (Chopin); Rhapsodie, Op. 11 (Dohnanyi).—Miss Kellogg.
Airia from "Rodelinda" (Handel); Cherry Ripe (Horn); Pourquoi (Delibes); Bolero (Verdi).—Mme. Blauvelt.

PART II.

Air (Bach); Rondo (Boccherini); Chante Triste (Tchaikowsky); Am Springbrunnen (Davidoff).—Mr. Rosenthal.
When Celia Sings (Moir); Hushing Song (Kate Vannah); The Breeze that Blows the Barley (Kate Vannah); Spinning Song (Liza Lehmann).—Mme. Blauvelt.
Norwegian Dance (Greig).—Miss Kellogg.

The sixth and last concert to be given by the Los Angeles Symphony this season will be played at the Auditorium on Friday afternoon, April 3, at three o'clock. It is to be a Wagner afternoon, and director Hamilton is making elaborate preparations to make it the crowning musical event of the Symphony season. The only exception to the Wagner role will be the presentation of two movements from the Fifth Symphony in E Minor, by Tchaikowsky. The vocalist will be Alma Krausse, mezzo-soprano, who will sing Elsa's "Dream" from Lohengrin, and Elizabeth's "Prayer" from Tannhauser.

The orchestral numbers will include the overture to the Meistersingers, Siegfried's death and funeral march from Gotterdammerung, and tone pictures from Walkure. Mr. Hamilton has added several excellent players for this last concert, and the musical surprise of the season is to be the next concert. Seat sale now on at Bartlett's Music Store.

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Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

Mr. W. H. Peyton of Ocean Park, who apparently does me the honor to read my weekly outburst, sends me a clipping from the "London Daily Mail," and asks if I am interested. I certainly am, as you will be when you read the following:

"At Brooklands, on Wednesday, Mr. F. Newton, on a 60 h.p. Napier car, established new world's records for 50 miles, 100 miles, 150 miles and one and two hours' runs. The 50 miles were run in 35 min. 7.76 secs., the 100 miles in one hour, 10 minutes, 20.31 secs. and the 150 miles in 1 hour 46 min., 6.17 secs. The hour's run was 85 miles 550 yards and

the two hours' run 169 miles 615.6 yards."

That is what I should call "going some." It certainly must take nerve to go at that pace. Imagine it, eighty-five miles an hour! If you ever rode in a car and watched the speedometer go up to sixty, you know what a frightful pace that is. Add to that the average speed at which an ordinary mortal drives along the roads and you have some idea what eighty-five miles an hour is. It is all very nervy and wonderful to read about, but I cannot see where this record-breaking does much good. Of course it advertises the car but the British newspapers differ very materially from the press-agent's friends we

have in America. Where the Hearst papers would have given two full pages in the Sunday Supplement and a special reporter sent to describe the race, the "Daily Mail," a paper supposedly run on American lines, gives a scant inch. Anyway it is interesting to read of such a wonderful record and nice to know that there are drivers and manufacturers in the good little old island than can hand a bunch to some of the "Grenouilles."

The question of the hour is, "Was the temperature low around the Friday Morning Club's San Francisco exhibit? Or was it not?" The general consensus of opinion

seems to be that it was low. Talk about your suffragettes and your Red Flag female impersonators. They must take a back seat when a woman's club runs an automobile show. That is what they did in San Francisco. Perhaps the poor attendance was due to the weather. Let us be charitable and believe it.

Nels sat in the outer office at the Hotel de Diamond and moralized on New York to Paris races and delivery wagons. I should say that he moralized on the latter and mentioned the former to see if I knew that the Thomas car was wearing Diamond tires. Nels tells me that they made only one change between New York and Chicago and don't expect to make any more until they reached the coast. It will certainly prove a wonderful advertisement for that particular brand of tires if their expectations turn out well. Talking about the New York to Paris race. I see that the "Denver Post" is spreading itself thereon and Van will have a chance to take a ride on the Thomas car and tell the smoke-snuffers all about it. Van says, "I will take the first car from Cheyenne to Rawlins, along which portion of the road the country is in good shape. This man Lynn Mathewson is said to be the devil himself on a mountain road and all I hope is that some of the Frenchmen get into Cheyenne close enough to the Thomas to make a race." I hope so, too. If there is one man who can cover such a situation it certainly is our genial friend with the Dutch name and the Irish sense of humor. About the delivery wagons, Nels said, "It is interesting to sit here and watch the delivery wagons go by." I gently queried why. "Because" was the answer, in a very few years there will be no horses in front of them. See that one standing over there." (Same was a neat looking affair for the delivery of mineral water. "I'll bet it won't be five years before all such wagons are horseless. A neat little two-cylinder wagon maybe with solid tires, but a benzine buggy at that, and they will find it very much quicker and less expensive than with a horse drawn vehicle. Then my boy, the automobile business will be a business and not a game. It is getting to be more so every day. Am I right?" and I answered, "You bet you are."

It seems likely to me that, before very long, we shall all be taking off our hats to one Jimmie Speed. Jimmie was introduced to readers of the "Graphic" after the Lake-side endurance race. It was he who drove the Pope-Hartford car back from victory. Jimmie's specialty is carburetors and he has one of his own, all properly patented and tested. He is manufacturing here in a small way, but has little chance to show the manufacturing East what he can do with his gas regulator. It is true that most of the local people use one of his carburetors when there is anything special going on, as witness the hill-climb. But he has not had a chance to hit the high places as yet. But that same chance is coming and it looks as though those elevations would be very easily surmounted. The Union Pacific people have been trying the gasoline engine for local work for some time, but without great success. The trouble was finally shown to be in the carburetor. All the eastern experts who spelled their titles with a capital E were called into consultation, and among them they evolved a piece of mechanism that would surely do the

work, but DID NOT. About this time Jimmie butted into the game. He wrote to the U. P. people and followed his letter with a sample carburetor. This was tried on the size of engine for which it was intended and made all other entries back off the course. This naturally pleased the engineer in charge and he made an attempt to get Jimmie to wander back East and fix their engines for them. But Jimmie has ideas of his own and one is Los Angeles. Therefore the mountain is coming to Mahomet in proper style. In other words, the Union Pacific is going to send out two cars, one equipped with their

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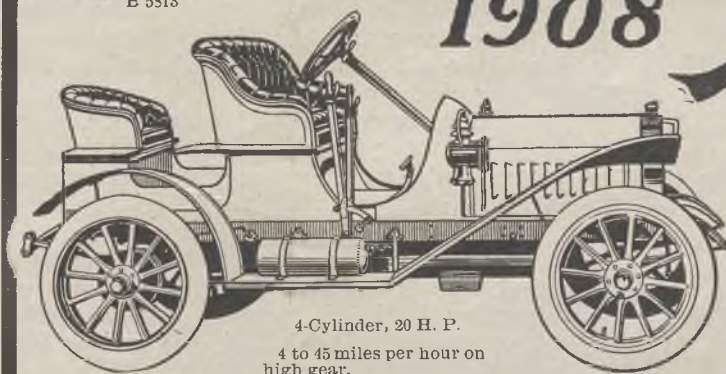
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4 to 45 miles per hour on
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Most powerful roadster made within 50 per cent. of its price.

Take a demonstration of this excellent car and you will be con-
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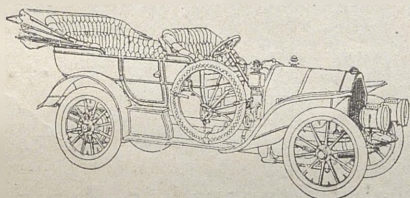
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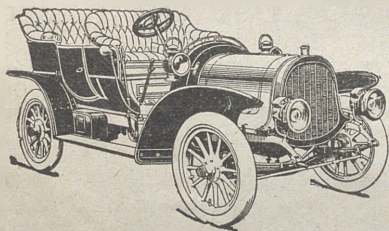
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America's Representative Seven Passenger Car. 50 Horse-power. Speed, Power, Comfort, Perfection.



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The very best five passenger gasoline car on earth. Most responsive, reliable and economical car to be had. Price \$2900 Complete.

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regular carburetor, and the other to be fixed up with the speed attachment. Then those two cars will be tried out against each other. If Jimmie makes good with his invention then it will be adopted, and the name of Speed will be famous in automobile circles. I hope and believe that he will win out.

Look out for the coming mining millionaire. Lester Pattee is about to make a prospecting trip, and will return with many locations staked out the which will contain much gold, copper and other spices. Pat has made up his mind that he needs a vacation. He has sold so many Cadillacs lately that his tongue is getting ossified from talking to P. Ps. He longs for the broad expanses of the desert, the bright sunshine and the pure, open air. A very commendable longing. Incidentally Pat thinks that he is lucky when it comes to doing the prospecting stunt. Therefore he has taken unto himself three other likewise inclined youths, they have purchased a car of ancient breed and are about to set forth into the melancholy desert. Just exactly where they are going they do not know, but they expect to make for the Colorado River and prospect in the neighborhood of its banks. They ought to have a good time and a very healthy time. There is nothing to renew a man's grip on and enjoyment of life like a few weeks on the desert. Good luck to you Pat, bring me back a few nuggets and slip me some shares in the mining companies resultant on your trip.

Bill Bush is properly installed in his new place and the general arrangements do credit to the forethought of the genial man who peddles Pierce-Arrows. The side entrance serves both Bush's place and that of the Studebaker people next door. But I notice that the alley-way goes straight into the Bush palace, while the Studebaker emporium has to be content with an angular entry that is more or less of a twister. The showroom is of the common or garden variety as to shape; as to coloring it is superior to anything of its kind in town. The offices are not very roomy or spacious. Bill does not need a roomy office. He sells cars on the street or in the show-room. All he needs is room enough for his desk and a place for a bookkeeper to record the sales. In this respect I think that Bill has the auto business down to a very fine point. He has just one agency and that a good one. He has a high-priced car that, by its reputation, commands the attention of any wealthy possible purchaser. Bill and his personality do the rest. Of course he must have a repair shop and a garage and these he has figured into the most convenient form imaginable. Bill was showing a few of us through the place before it was occupied and one little thing struck me as being very indicative of his thoughtfulness. The shop floor is made of cement. Along the base of the bench run wooden stands for the men. On the floor are more of the same kind. "I know what it is," said Bill, "to have to stand at a bench all day long on a cement floor. Not for my men, I have too much use for them. I also know what it is to have to squirm under a machine on my back on a dirty cement floor. Anybody that works for me gets something to lie on." Bill is right and if everybody was as considerate of their employees there would be better work done in the average repair shop. Bill's thoughtfulness also pro-

vided a neat little chauffeur's room tucked away under the roof in the loft above the office. Here is a place where chauffeurs connected with the place may leave their stuff and lounge while waiting for a call. The whole place shows many such little pieces of foresight and Bill is to be heartily congratulated on his new place of business.

Down at the Maxwell place they are doing business. Everything has settled down to a basis of every-day doing things and Miss Peart smiles just as genially when I go in as ever. As usual she acted in the role of reliable news-getter and told me about a Maxwell enthusiast named Hover. Mr. Hover was a Seattle real estate man. He made lots of money and then climbed out for the sunny South. He thought to give up business and settle down on an orange farm. He bought a fine place and a Maxwell and proceeded to enjoy life. But one morning he woke up with the "wanderlust" strong on him. He said to himself, "I will leave the ranch in the care of hirelings and hie me out into the world with my Maxwell." After cogitating over the resolution he has decided to make a grand tour. From San Diego to San Francisco. From San Francisco to Goldfield and Nevada generally. Thence to Denver and Omaha and so on to Chicago. From Chicago to New York and then by steamer to Europe. After going all over Europe he will come back with many pictures and settle down again on the ranch until he gets another attack. I know of few cars that can trundle over the world in this way better than a Maxwell. It is a sturdy little machine and my only regret is that Mr. Hover has not invited me to go along and pay me a fat salary for being useful on the way. And don't imagine that I couldn't be useful either.

Lighten the way with song and jest
And fix a puncture with the best.
What Oh.

Here is one on George Kussman for the authenticity of which I will not vouch. The day of the Altadena hill-climb George was hourly expecting an interesting event in the family. When he drove the two-cylinder Tourist in the second race he felt a trifle nervous as to what was happening at home. He confided to my authority for this story that he was very anxious to have a boy. "Good Luck always comes double" he said. "watch me win this race." After the Buick came in and George was declared the winner, he let a whoop of joy. Hooray" he emitted, "Now I'll bet anybody a dollar it'll be a boy. And it was.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

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Automobiles

1211-1213 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, OF THE CORNISH-SEARL SYNDICATE

Clearer and brighter gets the financial sky, and with the result of the presidential election discounted and an emergency currency act of a satisfactory description a law of the land, no reason exists why the horizon should again fade to a speckled hue in a hurry.

As far as the local markets are concerned, we appear to continue to mark time in the Wall street procession. When stocks go up in the East the rise at once makes itself felt here, and when the barometer is low back there forthwith or very soon after we stand ready here to take to the brush.

Soon after May 1, when the pressure is taken off savings banks by their six months' notice depositors, ordinary security loans will be as easy as at this time last year. There will follow a natural stiffening in the present soft real estate market, and standard securities will not be the bargain they are. Buy now and hold for a substantial advance, sure to be here within a year. Buy outright, and lay your stocks away and forget that you have them. There are still plenty of good eight, nine and ten per cent bargains in the standard investment orchard.

Purchase stocks of the best Los Angeles banks at the present low prices. Such shares should advance from twenty to fifty points within the year.

The Sixth Street Bank of San Diego is to move to new quarters at Sixth and D streets.

The First National Bank of Goldfield, Nev., has been organized with a capital of

\$125,000. L. L. Patrick is the organizer.

The commercial department of the Union Savings Bank of Pasadena has been organized as a national bank, the name chosen being the Union National Bank. The institution will start with a capital of \$100,000, and surplus of from \$25,000 to \$50,000. Among the stockholders are B. F. Ball, Dr. Norman Bridge, Frederick L. Brown, Dr. E. L. Conger, Volney H. Craig, Oscar O. Freeman, C. W. Gates, W. L. Green, M. P. Green, E. S. Gosney, E. H. Groenendyke, J. H. Holmes, C. M. Jacques, C. W. Smith, O. S. A. Sprague, William R. Staats, H. I. Stuart, W. A. Barnes, Charles Grimes and H. L. Mouat.

The Burbank State Bank has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000.

The California Savings Bank, M. P. Snyder, president, has decided to raise its paid-in capital to \$200,000.

Bonds

—The Glendale Union High School has decided to erect a \$75,000 school house, and a bond issue is proposed.

San Pedro trustees are getting plans and specifications for city hall improvements, preparatory to a bond issue.

The new issue of electric light and sewer bonds of Pasadena will be sold March 31, after approval by Henry O'Melveny.

The Belvedere School district, Los Angeles county, votes March 27 on an issue of \$30,000.

The proposed \$50,000 school bond issue at Santa Monica has been defeated.

The Anaheim Union Water Co., has decided to issue \$300,000 in bonds.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at Close of Business, February 14, 1908.
RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$ 9,512,260.02
Bonds, securities, etc.	2,699,852.33
Cash and sight exchange	4,302,876.44

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	\$1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits	1,496,163.29
Circulation	1,250,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	145,000.00
Deposits	11,873,825.50
Other liabilities	500,000.00

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

We recommend the purchase of Home Preferred, Home Common, Home 1st 5's U. S. Long Distance, Central Oil, Union Oil.

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In the Literary World

A book, one or more copies of which ought to be placed in every public and private library in the United States, because it represents a most important contribution to American political history, will be found set forth in two volumes, called "Tilden's Letters and Literary Memorials," edited by John Bigelow (Harper's). The work is an indispensable supplement of that labor of loyalty and love, the "Life of Tilden," by the well-known editor of these volumes. This selection of letters and papers has been made and published in conformity to a section of the will of Mr. Tilden, who died in 1886. It contains many interesting documents that it may have seemed inexpedient to include in the volume of "Speeches and Writings of Mr. Tilden," which was published when he was still living (1885). In this work appears for the first time in a systematic form all the evidence relating to the creation of the electoral commission of 1877, by the decision of which Mr. Tilden's competitor in the Presidential contest of November, 1876, obtained the office of Chief Magistrate.

Some appreciative people gave a dinner in Philadelphia to Colonel McClure the other day because he was eighty years old. He deserved the tribute, for he is not only eighty years old, but he has long been active in the service of the city, and the State, and the nation, and has made hosts of friends. He must have abundant pleasure in think-

ing over the great ghosts that he has known—Presidents from long before Buchanan's time down as far back as the elder Harrison—and the magnates of Pennsylvania. He has been the familiar and potent friend of them all. Tom Scott, Forney, Simon Cameron, Galusha Grow, Sam Randall, Judge Kelley. The roll of his friends is as long as the list of Pennsylvania's worthies of sixty years. He has managed politics and he has led rebellions against rings and bosses. He was an influential country editor in Chambersburg, and, in partnership with Frank McLaughlin, the tasteful printer, he was the editor of the Philadelphia "Times." That was an influential organ of the right way of thinking in McClure's earlier day, and it was a pleasant paper to serve. It had one of the habits of the Paris "Figaro." When Mapleson carried his singing birds to Philadelphia, where they were always opulently welcomed, the "Times" used to give them all a breakfast in its pleasant library. The handsome Colonel used to preside, and Lambert, Lamlien, Janvier (who once wrote paragraphs before he fell into literary ways), and the irrepressible Keenan, used to be asked in to make a pleasant hour for Marie Roze and Gerster and Campanini. There actors were breakfasted, too, and there was a gay council on the afternoons of the feast days. The Colonel did stern work as well as hospitality. He did most to clean up the city back in

the late seventies and in 1880, and he is largely accountable for Robert Pattison. He partially brought up Moses Handy, and is, therefore, indirectly responsible for the Sassy Clover Club. Now he is a prothonotary, and his brilliant days are behind him—but they were brilliant, as brilliant as the Colonel is and has always been beautiful.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, is spending what it is feared may prove to be his last days at a little Italian village in an endeavor to relieve the ravages of consumption.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,

LAND OFFICE AT,

Los Angeles, Cal., January 17, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Robert T. See, of Los Angeles, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final Commutation proof in support of his claim, viz.: Homestead Entry No. 11137, made July 12, 1906, for the N.E. ¼ of N.W. ¼ and Lot 5, Section 35, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on March 24, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz.: A. W. Marsh, of Los Angeles, Cal.; J. W. Henry, Hippolyte Bienle, Celestin P. Herit, W. Chick, S. W. Chick, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Feb.22-5t. Date of first publication Feb.22-08.

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Bishop's California Glace Prunes

You have yet to taste the unequalled confection of the world

Glace Prunes are not "similar" to anything ever before made in the world.

Glace Prunes are the California fresh prune, crystallized to preserve their original fresh flavor, then stuffed with California English Walnuts.

You can have absolutely no conception of the fascinating deliciousness of this dainty confection until you have eaten Bishop's Glace Prunes.

We want YOU to try them—to have your friends enjoy them, and to have us send them to many of your friends who live in the East and away from Los Angeles.

You can buy Bishop's Glace Prunes from all dealers in Los Angeles.

If you live where you cannot secure these prunes from your dealer, send us order with postoffice money order inclosed. Packed in one, two and five-pound boxes. Prices—70c, \$1.30 and \$3.00 each. We will express or mail them direct, and pay all charges, to any address in the United States.

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Get the positive proof of the superior purity and wholesomeness of sterilized LILY MILK by ordering a can from your grocer today.

It is Nature's purest milk from the most famous dairy section of California. Sealed in air-tight cans, and thoroughly sterilized.

The most delightfully satisfactory milk procurable for every purpose.

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Los Angeles



PRESERVES

Something New

Made in the foothills. Are different from others. They are made of FRUIT and CANE SUGAR—
NOTHING ELSE.

ASK YOUR GROCER

Phoenix Brand
Monrovia
Foothill Preserves

Los Angeles Ry. Co.

HOW PASSENGERS CAN AVOID ACCIDENTS

There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of the car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off car while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the lookout for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired, communicate with conductor.

THE EQUITABLE SAVINGS BANK

Strictly a Savings
Institution

During the late financial stringency, we believe that none of the depositors of this bank suffered serious inconvenience, as every necessity, as far as known, was from the beginning amply and promptly cared for.

Checks were paid on "Special Ordinary" accounts at all times without interruption.

By January 1st conditions had so far improved that all restrictions on the withdrawal of money were removed.

Since that date all classes of deposits have been paid on demand, without requiring notice of withdrawal.

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and the Land of the Cotton
and the Cane, and the
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